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Ridiculous Fancies :

AN ALLEGORY.

BEING THE

LUCUBRATIONS OF A MADMAN,

BY J. S * * * * R.

!!!

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AN IMPORTANT ADVERTISEMENT INSTEAD OF PREFACE.

THE author being aware that the public never reads prefaces, but knows also that most people like to read various advertisements about selling carriages, horses, houses, &c., &c., which are perfectly unnecessary for them because they have not the money to buy them, but notwithstanding find pleasure in losing time over such readings, therefore he finds it more convenient to put an advertisement instead of preface, and then he humbly prays his readers not to believe a word of what his book contains. It is called "Ridiculous Fancies," so is the beginning of it so are its contents, and also the end, and he hopes that some people will accept fully and eagerly that all the narratives together are fancies. The readers must be certain that there were no places, nor men, nor dates, months or years, that all was the chaotical fantasies of a madman, and all names fiction. Therefore he hopes also that nobody or gentlemen will apply anything to himself personally, unless he is also insane. The author longs only for the amusement of the public, which like to pay money for being deceived, and are always discontented with the theatre stage, when the actors are not clever enough to deceive them.

J. S * * * * R.

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INFORMATION TO THE READER CONCERNING THE GODS OF OLYMPUS.

JUPITER	Chief Sovereign of Heaven and Earth.
JUNO	His beautiful Wife.
NEPTUNE	The next God to Jupiter.
PLUTO	God of the Infernal Regions.
PROSERPINE	His Wife.
CERBERUS	The Three-Headed Dog.
APOLLO	God of Music, Poetry, and Painting.
BACCHUS	God of Wine and Drinkers.
MARS	God of War.
MERCURY	God of Merchants and Thieves.
CUPID	God of Love.
DIANA	Goddess of Hunting.
CERES	Goddess of Agriculture.
HEBE	Goddess of Youth.
VULCAN	Fabricator of Thunderbolts.
VENUS	Goddess of Beauty.
THREE FURIES	Goddesses of Madness, Vengeance, Fear.
THREE GRACES	Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne.
NINE MUSES	Thalia (comedy), Melpomene (tragedy), Erato (love poetry), Polyhymnia (lyrical poetry), Clio (history), Euterpe (music), Terpsichore (dancing), Urania (astronomy).

NYMPHS, DEMI-GODS.

DRYADS, or Wood Nymphs.

NAIADS, or Water Nymphs.

SATYRS, or Rural Deities.

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RIDICULOUS FANCIES.

CHAPTER I.

CONCERNING RIDICULOUS FANCIES IN GENERAL.

Arragon. Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better?

Portia. To offend and judge, are distinct offices, and of opposed natures.

SHAKESPEARE.

A POOR man once narrated to my friend, who pretended to be a philosopher, a dream which he had had the previous night. "I dreamed," said he, "last night that I was a lord, living in a splendid mansion in Piccadilly, surrounded by chalk-headed flunkies in rich harlequin liveries, receiving a dozen begging letters on a silver tray, and refusing them all with the dignity of a statesman, thinking that there are in England a sufficient number of charitable institutions, workhouses, asylums, hospitals, and so on, and if a poor devil does not wish to enjoy their humane hospitality, let him steal eighteenpence or a bridecake, and go to another place not less humanely conducted. When I awoke, I lay some twenty minutes in the dark, thinking still that I was a lord, was rich, acting perfectly right, and full of virtue, till I was thoroughly aroused by the sound of the workhouse-bell, summoning the inmates to pick oakum. 'God be praised!' I said, 'it was but a dream—but how could it happen that I ever dreamed of being such a bad man?' I never believed that there really existed in England truly charitable institutions. I myself have dwelt in many kinds of these places, and am sure that they all, more or less, partake of the character of a house of correction — prisons under various names. I could never refuse alms to the poor if I had money. Never could I allow the heads of my servants to be soiled in so degrading a manner for

my pleasure; less still would I be so degraded as to pay taxes for the right of degrading people. Would it not be better to spare the money to help the poor? Good God! what made me dream such strange dreams this past night?"

"So you think it was fancy?" said my friend to the dreamer; "but how can you prove that you are not dreaming now? Perhaps that which you consider a dream was your real life, and now you are dreaming;" The poor man was baffled, and unable to give the proof demanded of him. The philosopher turned to me with the same question. "Well," I said, "perhaps you are right! but please to make the same inquiry of me when I am sleeping, taking care not to awaken me. Thus, I suppose, you may distinguish between real life and dreams." But, my dear friend! my beloved reader! consider, are we, when wide awake, seeing things in their real colours? calling things by their right names? regarding everything in its proper place? and penetrating the proper position of man? How often we, after a long, long time in our lives, are compelled to cry out, Good God! how blind and in error we have been with regard to the moral character or physical condition of the people whom we are seeing and hearing every day—about things and matters constantly before us. Like the beggar in the dream of his riches, awakened by the workhouse bell to the stern realities of life, we are astonished, and cry out, "However could we have believed such and such things; and in such and such men? How could we be so blind, so stupid, as to fancy things to have been so different to reality?" Was not all this a dream? And when one stepped out from the crowd, and expressed to us his views about the matter, or his understanding men differently to us, we listen to him with suspicion, or with heedlessness. So it is always. My dear reader, we are all prone to ridiculous fancies, more or less, and when one is disposed to penetrate more deeply than ourselves into men and matters, he incurs the customary penalty of being regarded as a lunatic—a frenzied man; and what he knows to be facts are regarded as paradoxes.

Frequently we see a man of brilliant gifts, of dazzling wit,

infinite culture, and fascinating manners, which are able to promulgate even a new faith, but he is considered mad because he sees too far, penetrates too deep, and tells us too much truth, which we dislike. It is our nature to deceive ourselves and to be duped by others, and very often on the stage of real life we pay for the pleasure of being cheated, as in the theatre we are dissatisfied if the actors are awkward and fail completely to deceive us into a belief in their assumed characters.

To ordinary observers, however, no trait of deceit is visible, accident alone displays it!

Courts of justice, courts-martial, courts of bankruptcy, are so many dramas and tragedies performed by certain actors when the curtain is raised. But how little familiar are we with what is going on at the wings, behind the curtain, behind the canvas; where we should discover that the clouds are only web and dye, the palaces painted canvas, the thunder but rattling of sheet-iron, the blooming faces of the actors all pale and wan, the most humorous and comic men care-worn and full of bitterness, men who are greeting, kissing, hob-nobbing one another—hating and envying one another—all is painted, bedizened, and put in an artificial light. So behind the curtain in real life, as upon the stage, all is enveloped in mystery; and the frenzied man dares ask you, beloved reader, to show us where is the nest of sinners? Where are living the wicked men? Where can we find wrong men and wrong subjects?

Let us take a walk there—to the churchyard, the common resting-place of mankind, the resting-place of all generations; let us visit and observe with care the accurate and never exaggerated pictures of life; and read with easy confidence the several tributes to the worth of the departed; the tone of truth pervading the whole, from the marble stone with gold letters, to the humble black type on the wooden crosses. Read what the long Latin epitaph there informs us,

“ Ah ! realms of tears, help me by time
To lament the soul so pure of crime !

The widows' moan, the orphans' wail
 Rise round thee; but in truth be strong,
 Eternal right, though all else fail,
 Can never be made wrong."

"The late lamented by all friends, was full of virtue; a help for power; a comforter of widows; full of pity and mercy; a patriot and brave general. J. Haynau. Conqueror of the rebel Hungarians, by Russian bayonets, of the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, in 1849. God receive his pure soul." Pass on to another.

"Ah, grand bard that never dies,
 Help me in the English tongue
 To give you, with weeping eyes,
 The story of virtue, I will sing."

"Here lies a man of celebrated humanity, a patriot, full of mercy, a loyal servant of his majesty the king, faithful to his duties. Pitifulness and goodness were the standards of his life. Celebrated General Hudson Lowe. The whole world blesses him. O God, receive him, and place his soul among the righteous." Pass on to another.

"We are lamenting and weeping the deceased; your, O God, humble servant, and the faithful servant of the queen, and the most honourable and liberal government, performing his duties even when not pressed to them. He was soft-hearted, a blessing for virtue, and a stern threat for the wicked. T. Calcraft. May God pardon his sins." Pass on to another.

"We are weeping and lamenting the deceased, gone to you, O God, your humble servant, who was a man of humanity, comforting the unfortunate and sufferers, sowing pity and truth round about Bethlehem. N. N. Blessed shall be his soul." Pass on to another.

"Through all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy;
 With praises of my friend and wife,
 My heart and tongue employ.
 A sister of mercy! a mother of love;
 All loving creatures together to move,
 Pure as the heavenly dove."

“May the Almighty receive you, O our dear soul! She was full of humanity, with tenderness of affection she was ready all her life-time to strengthen the passion and love between loving-hearts. Helping friendship and fondness of love, encouraging the holy principle of union, settling and improving amiableness, and making every creature beautiful for ever. Baptizing her friends with Jordan water (twenty-five shillings a bottle). M. R.” Pass on to another.

But it is no use our trouble; there all is right; no traces of passion or mischief, or abuse or sin. All is right! But look, there is a sinner! Indeed? Yes; read.

“Here lies Salvino Armato d’Armati, of Florence. The inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins. The year 1318.”* Indeed, but was his invention considered by man as sin? Very probably. Why did he enlighten the Myopes? Serves him right. But this was in 1318. Now-a-days popular indignation will not be aroused even against a Mr. Gatling, the inventor of the mitrailleuse, or a Mr. N. of torpedo celebrity. Some of us, indeed, would rather blame the inventor of writing, or language, did history inform us who they were. It is not a Gatling, or the Father who invented powder, who is worthy of censure, but the inventor of fire and of metals, whom we do not know.

Pass over the cemetery. See yonder, the scarlet-coated gentlemen riding on horse-back; and, alas! ladies also. The soft-hearted sex, *en amazon*, for the purpose of pursuing a fox; considering, probably, that the fox enjoys the greatest amount of pleasure, in being afforded an opportunity of taking a pleasant galop, with the prospect of being torn to pieces alive, at the end of it. Having accomplished which pleasant feat of deadly malice and cold-blooded triumph over the poor innocent animal, which had never injured them, they fall back to a pleasant mansion, or baronial castle, rejoicing that they “have had a fine run;” and a decent pretext for their symposial practice of toast-

* The author really read this epitaph at Florence, 1864.

ing their victory, and drinking to the lovely dogs, as the chief actors in the tragedy, as though the Almighty had no other end or object in creating the poor fox except the pleasure of these ladies and gentlemen in seeing it torn alive by their good dogs. Is there any mischief in this, dear reader? Heaven forbid! It is only an animal, a fox, a wild beast.

But come here, dear friend. Here are no foxes being hunted. Here is a battle-field! See, there, after the belligerents have got thousands of men killed on each side, both claiming the victory. How pathetically they are employing themselves in thanksgiving and prayer; chanting the solemn "Te Deum" in both camps, being convinced that the Almighty is highly delighted with their work. Is not this all right? Pass on. Here and there you see peasants and boors ploughing, harrowing, sowing, and eating their bread in the sweat of their brows, and in sorrow all the days of their lives, as the Almighty had foretold, for the sin of their father Adam. "And the earth, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth;" the peasants included. The Almighty had also put his anointed under the dominion of his kings; and the anointed not wishing to plough the earth themselves, have presented it to the barons; and the barons not wishing to creep upon it, and to bear the curse and punishment served upon the descendants of Adam, by God, let it out to the boors for money. They, the boors, being the descendants of the sinner driven out of Eden, and the barons the posterity of gentlemen who were never placed in Eden, and, therefore, could never have been driven out, nor cursed, nor punished. They were never naked, and, therefore, never touched the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Is there anything wrong in this? Pass on.

We will take a walk to the city. Behold! every condition of men are eating, drinking, and smoking in the shops, public-houses, and cafés, amusing themselves in a friendly way, with conversation upon humanity, making love, laughing or jesting, according to their feelings. At the theatre, ogling the ladies *en passant*. Here and there at the balls you see people

fiddling and dancing, pressing the hands of their male friends openly and with a show of fervour, and the hands of the opposite sex more lovingly, but less ostentatiously. Merchants conducting their business openly and honestly, never ingratiating themselves with the butlers of their customers or with their stewards; never paying these servants ten per cent. of the total of their purchases at their establishments of goods for their unconscious masters. Visiting sometimes, for amusement, the criminal courts, where, mayhap, they hear the judge say to some convict, "Prisoner, you have broken the laws of God and of your country, by stealing sixpenny-worth of pudding. True, you are a poor man, but why did you not steal potatoes? Pudding is an article of luxury, and poor men should not suffer their animal appetites so far to overcome them, as to make them desire pudding unlawfully, on week-days. On Christmas-day you can obtain pudding in the workhouse. And, moreover, it is the third piece of pudding which you are charged with stealing. I would be merciful to you, but under the circumstances, mercy would be an error of judgment. You are sentenced to penal servitude for seven years." "The third crime; it serves him right, indeed," say the merchants and the stewards. Other merchants never mixed their tea, or adulterated their milk, or watered their beer, but charged their boys with embezzling one-and-sixpence, at the police court. And are they not honest?

There, also, is the money market. The bankers are carrying on honestly their lucrative business, never artificially raising and lowering the stocks and funds, never selling out a few hundreds of them with their right hands at low prices for the purpose of buying the same paper in thousands with their left hands at enormous profit, taking advantage of their ignorant brethren yonder.

A gentleman stationed at the corner of the street, is exhorting the crowd to purchase elegant purses, with the addition of a shilling, which he puts in before their eyes, for the sum of another shilling; thus, in fact, returning the purchase money with the article vended. The banker above mentioned, hurries

away smiling, wondering how people can be such fools as not to perceive that the man is swindling them, and how he can be so impudent as to pursue his art so boldly in presence of his dupes.

Look at this cheerful band of tinselled dancers and tumblers, with their inharmonious musicians. Bands of ex-professional artists upon the shattering hurdy-gurdy, are amusing the street philharmonists; the crowd surrounding them is highly delighted, (we say nothing of the light fingered folk who are performing behind—artists of another sort,) but a gentleman in a neighbouring house, one of “Cognoscenti,” perceiving that the performers are utterly reckless of the laws of harmony, hastens to call for the watchers of order to apprehend the offenders in the act. The transgressors are hauled before the magistrate. The administrator of justice makes enquiry; the crowd witness that the musicians played perfectly well the overture of “Lucrezia Borgia,” by Donizetti, which the magistrate will not believe; and the judge said the witnesses have no taste; the music pleased them, because they knew no better. They have no money to pay for the fashionable concerts of real artists, or to go to the theatre, and hear the splendid band and chorus, and such artists as Lucca, or Patti, or Mongini, performing the works of Donizetti; and, therefore, I must fine these offenders against the laws of harmony, five shillings and sixpence and costs! Why should poor ignorant devils transgress the laws, rules, and taste in harmony to the deception and misleading of poor ignorant people, and the disgust and distress of tasteful amateurs with the “noisy” compositions of Donizetti.* Is not this all right?

Behold! here and there, “ad interim,” clergymen are preaching to the people. Preaching the Gospel, and living as is meet “by the Gospel,” and pious folks grumbling at the Sabbath laws, which lock up the doors of the public-houses, are listening “voluntarily” to the word of God; singing psalms and hymns. Policemen are posted strongly on the watch, that no one may be oppressed, nobody humbugged; and gentlemen are driving a

* The learned magistrate is mistaken in calling the music of Donizetti “noisy” perhaps he means “Verdi,” but no matter!

little in the parks, visiting at the clubs, where the buffets are not amenable to the Sabbath laws, and the cupboards are open; or they come home and drink their sherry, read their "Sunday at Home," or a novel of "Paul de Kock," if it suit them better; and indeed why should gentlemen be forced to be religious, religion is a matter of conviction, of sentiment, and persuasion. But the crowd? Ah, that is another thing!

We see everywhere business, pleasure, and religion, going on hand-in-hand undisturbed. Honesty in every walk of society. All are enjoying their rightful share of the pleasures which the Almighty Creator had vouchsafed to man on earth. The police are not the coadjutors of the church, nor is the church made the agent of the police! So it is all right, is it not?

Behold, again, the magistrates, the civil priests of England, are looking strictly after the morals of the people. Here the manager of a music hall is brought up for trial for allowing upon his stage the performance of French "Bal-mobile" dances, whereby the modesty of even the frequenters of the Haymarket cafés, who look in for a peep at the syrens who frequent that music hall, is shocked and outraged by being shown wickedness in a light, easy, and agreeable manner. Everything must be strictly proper, so that no one, not even the most squeamish moralist, shall have reason to sneer at the virtue of our happy isle. Counsel for the defendant delivers a long speech as follows:—

"From ancient history we may see that man, even in his rudest state, if he wished to express elevated feelings, whether it were joy, devotion, or patriotism, made use of rythm or measured language. Now the dance is also a measured movement; it is but pantomimic poetry* It is the origin of the symbolic dance, which among all nations, in the first stage of civilisation, is used as an expression of excited feelings. According to the principle of imitation the pantomimic dance was invented—or "pantomime" which in the course of time took the character of an art, in which grace became one of the chief objects, and, therefore, it was cultivated as an elegant amusement in

* The ancient Greeks had a god of dancing called "Terpsichore."

society, and as a delightful spectacle in public entertainments. The progress of refinement and civilisation has produced its invariable effect of banishing, or restraining the full expression, of the feelings in private life by means of motion and it is to the stage we must go to see the characteristics of the natural dance. Why should the dances of Bohemia, Poland, Hungaria, Italy and Spain, be represented, and those of France forbidden? Is not this an outrage on our neighbours and allies? as well as an announcement that we do not like their characters! Is it not an international outrage? The Greeks also developed the element of beauty in the theatre, in the dances of the ancients which commemorated the adventures of Achilles, Alexander, and the loves of Venus and Mars, etc. It must be understood only as a pantomimic performance. Have not great writers as Rinaldo Corso, Carozo, and others explained to us that the dances of nations as well as their songs show us their characteristics. Those who do not wish to study the dances of other nations are by no means pressed to enter the music halls and can pass on to the Haymarket which is not far from thence; where his modesty will not be outraged; or he can enter the criminal court, to hear the trial of the "men in female attire" and see how chamber maids, and ladies are put into the witness box to answer modest questions, and more modest ladies can read the whole scandal at home on Sunday, in the newspapers of our happy island. Yet why should they 'witness French dances?'"

This speech caused a *furor* among the auditory, and then they were convinced that the character of the French dance would be saved. But the judge, adjusting his wig in the usual way, said, "Never mind!" At least, he did not say so, but he thought so. He said:—

"It certainly would be labour lost to look too curiously for morality in the Haymarket, which is rather dark, but in the music-hall they have a lustre which cost a thousand pounds; at least so the managers announced in the newspapers, a *lustre* ago (five years). The syrens may disport themselves in the depths of the sea, in mud waters, but must not show their hideous tails

above the water-line to scandalise modesty. Other folks, who like to see it, may peep down under the waters about the Haymarket, but they cannot be allowed to see them grimacing and twirling in the glare of a thousand-pound chandelier. It is true that sometimes good people are compelled to pass this ugly place, but no one of a bashful or modest tone of mind can be compelled to enter the music-hall against his inclination. But in the Haymarket things are called by their right names. Everybody knows the mermaid of the *trottoir* are about no good. But that hideous sensual revel, the French 'Can-can,' is sufficient to poison the morals of all people—even of those who occasionally frequent the Haymarket. Moreover, it is but one step from the introduction of the 'Can-can' to the importation of barricades and other French atrocities which are at present unknown among our quiet people. I must therefore deprive the music-hall of its license for the performance of ballets altogether, as the only means of protecting the virtue of the English people."

"What hypocrisy!" whispered the people to each other who heard the sentence. Is not this all right? Is this a ridiculous fancy? The popular indignation is always roused against rational judgment!

There is no doubt that the judges are strictly equitable, are never cruel, never attempt to delude the jury, and the jury is always composed of men of sense, and full of experience in the matters which they have to decide. True, it happens that men are sentenced to many years penal servitude for offences of which they are entirely innocent, but if they have friends and money to pay a lawyer, they are released after a year or two. Even to the hempen cravat of Calcraft it is not very rare for innocent persons to be condemned, but even for them the way is clear, if they have friends. The Secretary of State is accessible, and they are saved (sometimes!) But if they have no friends? Ah, well! a man with no friends and no cash cannot be any good; and bad grass let it be uprooted from the field. All right, indeed! Why establish a court of appeal for criminals who have neither friends nor money in this happy island! It is only in

barbarous Russia that the sentence must pass through such courts. But we Englishmen are not Vandals! All right! Pass on.

Obtain permission to visit a prison. Hear what the gaoler will narrate to you (without any exaggeration) of the liberal diet of the convicts, using the most scientific language to express himself. You will learn that not only have the convicts thirty per cent. of azote matter, twenty-seven of albumen, eighteen of gelatine, fifteen of fibrine, and seven of phosphates; but also ten cubic yards of air per diem—upwards of a hundred gallons—a regular orgie. Surely they are never tortured by rascally warders in a wanton manner? They are not considered as dogs! They never suffer from cold or hunger! They will tell you also that never, if one went mad from pleasure, and burned his clothes, would he be burned to death, or be tortured by the lash! This is all right also!

Humanity and justice rule everywhere on our free and happy isle. No one is able to cast the first stone at the sinner; nor does anyone attempt to do so, indeed!

Take a visit to a workhouse, and you will speedily be convinced that such a house of mercy, such an abode of comfort, is enough to entice and decoy every poor man into voluntary imprisonment within its walls!

Are our laws not just? See the first-born sons of lords inheriting all—titles, money, estates—as a reward for their dexterity; and the second son gets nothing, which serves him right for his tardiness in appearing under the sun of this happy island.

The first-born sons are therefore advocating Liberalism in the upper house; strengthening the laws, cleansing the land from offenders and socialists in the same way that chimney-sweeps are preserving our houses from fire.

The House of Commons, as a more liberal people, rejects the bill demanding an alteration in the custom of treating unconvicted prisoners with the same rigour with which they treat men already condemned, as well as a distinction between habitual

felons and political prisoners—so as to make people cautious how they even appear guilty! Is not this all right?

In asylums, the unfortunate of mankind are comforted, treated with mildness; all are equal; no partiality, nor injustice, nor false reports on the parts of the subordinates, much less upon the side of the higher officials. Classification is the *summum bonum* of the superintendents; and why not? Are those gentlemen not clever enough to distinguish rascals from men of education?—real madness from the madness of those who use insanity as a pretext, in order that they may escape punishment for their crimes—as a cloak for the commission of hideous offences. On the other hand, attendants are clever enough never to apply the art of rib-breaking to those who are not exactly mad—never violently assaulting them—it is to rascals only they apply their science—and to real madmen.

Stewards of the Government establishments supply them with the best materials, as well as the contractors, who use always the best sort of bricks and mortar for the buildings.

Have we not societies for the protection of animals from the cruelty of man (excepting foxes and criminals). Everywhere humanity, mercy, justice; no evil, no wickedness. Is not promotion in the public service always founded on merit? Can it happen that a man shall be punished who has committed no crime?

When, beloved reader, we see all this, we are ready to believe the epitaphs engraved on the tomb-stones, whereon the dead men are all eulogised by their surviving friends as being the most admirable and perfect of their kind.

Thus these dead men by their death have risen above the level of mediocrity, though when living they were degraded and abused by those who now praise them so extravagantly. In life, not only a friend, but even a good father is frequently termed cruel and a monster, if he does not choose to live at watering-places, but likes his daughters to live at home with him in the country. So, also, a *good* governor of a workhouse, and a *good* warder of a prison, or a *good* attendant at an asylum, which

alive are called, "good for nothing people;" a merciful judge—a fool; and a good-natured king—a weak person.

Well; all this we have seen, heard, and felt in our walks. Villages and cities were to us the stage, whereon appeared wise actors, when the curtain of real life was raised. But who will lead us behind the scenes? Who will open to us the secret places, and reveal to us the mysteries which we are not able to fathom? It is the novelist who give us the thread of the labyrinth; who clears the obscurity for us with their spiritual safety-lamps; who make known to us the *terra incognita* in this wonderful sphere. The novelist must penetrate the secrets of passionate lovers, intense hatred, secret martyrdoms, abuses of right and of power. The novelist, whom people hardly believe, considering his pictures as ridiculous fancies, but who has devoted his life to explore in secret places; behind the curtain, where we cannot follow—where all is inaccessible to us. The novelist is the watch, the support of which the usages of society stood in need, where no rational rules can help them. And the madman flattering himself that the Almighty has bestowed upon him the faculty of observation, will exhibit before you a marvellous world—a world awfully perplexed, and awfully obscured; a city without living men! An enigma; for the resolution of which he calls for a meeting of mistagogues, councillors, and synods, in a poetical style, and allegorical manner.

CHAPTER II.

The madman calls and invites a meeting of mistagogues, to solve a marvellous little world—a world in a mirrage—and a fantastic city full of pleasure.

COME here all representatives of mankind, from the far Antipodes, from Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. From east, west, north, and south; from the Rhine, Seine, Danube, Dnieper, Vistula, Mississippi, and the Nile. From the Baltic, Ganges, and Bosphorus. Approach hither, Walecks, Mamelukes, Cossacks, Esquimaux, Chinese, Zouaves, and Turcos. Arabs, Turks, Italians, Germans, Russians, and French. Spaniards, Brazilians, and Portuguese. White, bronze, and black creatures! Appear here, if you please. Cæsars, Pompeys, Alexanders, Napoleons, Charleses, Peters, Fredericks, and all who are called great, or wish to be so called, even Williams, Fritzes, Bismarcks, and Moltkes. Politics of all schools—Machiavellists, conservatives, whigs, monarchists, egotists, liberals, radicals, red and black socialists, communists, and Fourierists. Judges, wigged and not wigged: clerks, lords, and grooms; princes, of pure and impure blood; counts and barons, and their chalk-headed flunkies. Doctors, lawyers, police-officers, and prison soldier-warders; also titled officers,* farmers, landlords, and boors. Shopkeepers, paupers, monks, and eunuchs. Come hither, carpenters, shoemakers, merchants, philosophers, and generals. I call upon the gifted writers, the masters of smiles and tears, of humour and pathos. You the wisest and kindest of moralists and great economists. Look here, great oracle, Apollo of Delphi, Thesus, and blind Homer. Ye great law-givers, Runid Minos, Lycurgus, and ye Spartans, Helots and boors. Help me, O gods of Olympus! Descend from your high station, from your Parnasus of Phocis, great

* Warders of lunatic asylums are called "attendants."

Jupiter, Mercury, Janus, Cupid, Bacchus, and Minerva. All ye satyrs, naiads, dryads, and the three Furies. Hither, Pluto, Proserpine, with your Cerberus, to disclose a *terra incognita*, a little world, and a mysterious city therein; splendid to the outward view, but all obscurity within. Houses containing no living inhabitants. A cemetery, where, to the wonder of all mankind, none is eulogised; and where not only the name but even the date of death is not mentioned. Because, if they were not living there, how could they die there? Even had the inventor of spectacles rested there, he would not be mentioned as a sinner, according to the highly moral aphorism, "Of the dead speak good—or nothing."

The idea that everything lost on earth will be found in the moon, is not new; and it seems that the little world I am representing to the meeting, has some connection with the moon. If the moon has not entire dominion over it, she has great influence upon it, and acts upon it as upon the sea by floods, tides, and ebbs.

The little world has a single little sphere, with a view, however, in the eternal atmosphere towards the south. There is a solar system also,—her own sun, and eleven planets revolving round it. The sun, however, does not shine equally to all creatures in this strange little world. It does not warm all impartially either. Each planet has its own orbit round the sun. It possesses also, secondary planets moving round the primary, which are called satellites—signifying a Life-guardsman, but explained by "Urania" as one who follows and serves another. As in the eternal world, there is also, only four of the primaries who have satellites, and the tenth planet, *i.e.* Jupiter, has himself four satellites. Three of the satellites have at once a revolution round the primary, and a revolution in company with the primary and round the sun. Also, as the eternal solar system, each planet, and the sun has a motion in its own body; like that of a bobbin upon a spindle—an imaginary line forming, as it were, the spindle of the sun, is called its axis.

A God is believed in, a providence inaccessible to simple crea-

tures. Neither his form, nor dimensions, nor his power, nor his deeds are familiar to any but the "Bonzes." He is the *terra incognita* of the priests, who preach in His name, and offer holocausts upon his altar. Sacrificing at the heathen temple all that is dear to any creature of the little world. All this is natural; but all the rest is preternatural; though in no sense less allegorical. But we will represent to the meeting now, the little city in the little world, which by itself is also a problem.

The "Beautiful" marvellous little city is splendidly situated in the midst of hills, forests, and meadows. The buildings are in the Italian style, painted and frescoed. Behold round about gardens growing resplendently, roses, jasmines, necturns, cauliflowers, and many other sweet specimens. Apples, pears and apricot trees. Gooseberries, strawberries, rhubarb, celery, peas, parsnips, potatoes, turnips, onions, garlic and cabbages. Yonder, see a beautiful farm, with fields and meadows; sheep, cows, pigs and poultry. Rich and savoury stews, stores and victuals.

The city is lighted by gas—the houses in perfect order. Here on the top of the hill are clustered a couple of palaces, painted inside in rose colour, ornamented with pictures, adorned with cages of canaries, nightingales, larks, and other singing birds.

There is a church, a theatre, a cemetery without epitaphs or tombs; a governor, priests, many doctors, schoolmasters, police, clerks, tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and every likeness to a civilised city. But, alas! there are no living men in the palaces, no society, in spite of the classifications! Neither laws nor rules are able to pierce that labyrinth. No rights are applied. Truth has no power to penetrate them. The hundred eyes of Argus could not see how matters are going on there. The arms of Briareus would be powerless to stop the evil current in it. All appears there in form of Chinese metaphysics—and so it is, indeed.

All the meeting was astonished, and put in a state of hesitation and silence, and considered long over this problem or riddle of the madman.

"To behold the object from afar is not enough!" cried blind

HOMER. "It needs a nearer approach, and an inquiry, to learn the matter in question, and afterwards to look into the details, and as I am blind, I must not allow myself to form an opinion upon the matter of this mysterious world and city. Jupiter will, I hope, solve the subject better!"

JUPITER. There exists a mysterious something lying beyond—a something *sui generis*—which I regard, not as balancing and suspending the ordinary physical laws, but as working with them, and through them to the attainment of a desired end. What the something which mortals call "life" may be is a profound mystery, hence "death" cannot be understood by them. The madman tells us, that in the palace are no living men. Yet, in the meantime, there is a cemetery situated close by. But a cemetery is the eternal life of man. It is strange only that there are no eulogies inscribed upon the tombstones to which all mortals are so inclined. Yes, this is strange! But considering that, when from the phenomena of man's life we pass on to that of their mind, we enter a region of still profounder mysteries. I can do but little to aid the meeting in the solution of the riddle. I think it would be useful to enter the city for a nearer observation, being, in this, of the same mind as Homer.

BACCHUS. I imagine it to be altogether a fantasy. The man is not mad, I think, but drunk.

MADMAN. Have you seen me in your society, Mr. Bacchus? I was never a worshipper of yours. I was never intoxicated in my life; and certainly I am not your favourite.

MINERVA. It seems to me that Pluto and Proserpine must have some relation with such a world.

CERBERUS. Ha, ha, ha! (Affirmatively, barking.)

APOLLO OF DELPHI. It is clear, Minerva is right.

ONE OF THE ECONOMISTS. But what is the system of political economy in such a place, if one can exist there?

LYCURGUS. I suppose it to be an imitation of my Spartan system.

MERCURY (to the madman). Is there any sort of commerce or mechanics? Are there any thieves?

MADMAN. O yes. A great many of each.

CERBERUS. Ha, ha, ha! (Affirmatively.)

XENOPHANES. Philosophy cannot suppose commerce to exist in a world where there are no living men.

HERACLITUS. By no means. We cannot even suspect thieves to be there.....

SOCRATES. But the madman tells us that there are all the signs and tokens of living men and society.

HERODOTUS. I do not wonder at it. History shows us many things, marvellous but true.

THUCIDIDES. But the madman tells us that there exists therein neither laws nor rules. How can that be called society?

LIVIOUS. Perhaps there are laws, but kept unwritten, as it is a fact that the Romans, even in the time of Brutus, had no written laws till the Tertullian of the "decemviri" was directed to digest a code for the security of the rights of the people, of all orders of the state.

MINERVA. I wonder the satyrs give no opinion upon the subject.

SATYRS. We are rural deities; we are too humble to meddle with matters in the great world of cities with palaces. Our place is only to direct, guide, and sharpen in the right way peasants; to mock boors; to read morals to, and teach a little the folks you call the "mob." Our station is not in cities with palaces.

CERBERUS. Ha, ha, ha, ha! (Affirmatively.)

JERBERT THE MONK. Could we not discover the problem by arithmetic? Is it not a charade? I perceive some inconsequence in the explanation of the madman. He told us just now that there were no living men in the city; yet in the same breath he assures us that there are doctors. Now, whom do they cure? There are police. Whom do they keep watch upon? There is something not right in the method of explanation. After alpha is beta, and after zeta comes eta. After one is two, two cannot be calculated without its predecessor, one. There must be patients to need doctors. There must be people to need police.

SATYR. Clever, indeed! It serves Mr. Jerbert right that for

his skill in mathematics he was considered in alliance with evil spirits.

DE SACROBOSCO (a mathematician). The madman tells us that there is a government. If so there must be living men. True government authorities must be considered as the digits, and the individuals governed as so many cyphers, of no value, except in proper relation to the digits; and when we say government authorities, doctors, and police, there must be no less than ten! and if so, there must be placed an (o) before, say some people.

MINERVA. Mr. De Sacrobosco's expression seems a little allegorical, nevertheless, there is some sense in it.

DE SACROBOSCO. All that mortals do not wish to understand or are unable to perceive they call *allegory*. I am a mathematician and have taught mathematics in England by Arabic numerals, and I dare say I have succeeded so well as to annihilate in this country all feelings save those which are purely mathematical, especially among the digits, or as you say, the government. The madman has brought before us for solution a somewhat symbolic problem, and we must proceed to discuss it in all its symbolic bearings, proceeding uninterruptedly from one link in the chain of reasoning to another, until the solution of the question is obtained. We must place all the symbols, not only the known given by the madman, but also the unknown. I think it impossible to penetrate "within the veil" of human secrets, significant hints, and cautiously wrapped up insinuations, which, like algebraic equations, have a conventional, but not an absolute, value. In the present instance, my conclusion is that a plus b must be equal to x . Hence we must put the facts in consecutive order: A city which has no living inhabitants! The known, then, is the city—the unknown, the inhabitants. It must be a collection of old, deserted castles, and so forth.....

THESEUS. The doings of mortals, the business of mankind, cannot be discovered by the formulas of mathematics. Mathematics consist of axioms, while all mortal affairs are theories, problems, obscurity. I, an oracle myself, am sometimes baffled

by their tricks. By means of figures and mathematics you will never succeed in discovering anything of their affairs—or you will be deceived, imposed upon, duped. For example, if you examine their books and journals, you will find everything arithmetically right—no mistakes. The more the business is of a fallacious character, the less will you be able to find wrong in their books, by mathematical demonstrations. On paper they are all infallible as the Pope of Rome himself. Books are dumb. Ciphers mute. Who will enlighten you as to their snares, their mysteries, their obscurities? Mathematics will not solve the mystery of human acts and business, still less that of this mysterious city.

MERCURY. That is right.

MACHIAVELLI. I think the best thing to discover all about the mysterious city in this strange world, would be a telescope. I must remark, however, that Sir Isaac Newton, havin for his aim the viewing of the heavenly bodies, was wont to use the end of the instrument in which the convex glass or lead is placed in the small tube called the “eye piece.” But I, when using it for viewing men and their doings, employed the wide end, or the object glass, to look through, and therefore I see them in miniature as they really are. This is my “Focus Pocus”; and when people wish to look in the face of sovereigns and governors, I give them the smaller end, hence they see them very great, and we see them very small, quite Lilliputians. People must be reduced or you cannot manage them. The government affairs must be shown to them in a camera obscura, or dark chamber, with window shutters, with a glass of proper size and focal distance, as may be necessary. Matters of humanity you must show them in a magic lantern, where artificial light is employed. In one word keep them deluded by mirages, and there will be a greatly magnified representation of the government objects. And now, let us regard this marvellous little world through a telescope; and as there are no living men, let us look through the smaller end of it as is usually employed for viewing the heavenly bodies; or through a microscope, so as to examine the minute bodies. I am

sure that a telescope or a microscope will be found the best method to discover the secret of this mysterious city. The penchant of the governor in political matters. The tendency of the doctors in the way of humanity. The character of the watchers of public order. Say the police. By discovering all this, we shall easily arrive at the fact of the sort of creatures placed under their care and dominion. Because I gather from the parable of the madman that there must be some creatures living, if not exactly men. We can always guess the character of creatures by developing the character of those who govern them. For example, we see a Sultan and we are pretty sure that his subjects are ignorant Turks. We see a Nicholas, and we are convinced that the greater part of his people are slaves. If we see anywhere Oligarchy, we must understand that a great part of the people are morally dead. If we see a Gambetta, we must know that the people who have accepted him as a minister is vain and light-headed; and so on through a long category. Then let us procure a telescope and a microscope, using them as I shall direct, and I have no doubt we shall discover something.

MINERVA. Ought we not to ask the opinion of Prometheus?

JUPITER. Oh, he is so thievish.

MINERVA. No matter if he were able to penetrate into Heaven and steal fire therefrom; I should suppose him to be the very person to get into and inspect this marvellous and obscure city.

PLUTO (laughing). I can assure you, that Prometheus could not succeed in getting into and finding anything out for us in that wondrous place. Remember it was Heaven into which he penetrated, and from which he succeeded in stealing the fire, but never, never, could he be successful in entering Hell, and stealing anything therefrom.

CEREBUS (affirmatively). Ha, ha, ha!

PROSERPINE. Many clever creatures have tried the city and have even succeeded in entering, but could not decipher the character of it, still less discover any of its mysteries.

MINERVA. Did I not say that Pluto and Proserpine had something to do with the place?

FURIES (laughing). True.

MINERVA. And do you Furies know nothing of the place?

FURIES. Perhaps. In the way of duty. We work upon the smaller creatures, but not upon the authorities; though sometimes, indeed, we dupe the authorities in spite of their cunning.

PROMETHEUS (to the Furies). You say "dupe"; that you sometimes dupe them. I can assure you, you are mistaken. I know something of the authorities. They know their business. It is their plan to make you imagine that you are deluding them. It is their game. Politic, you know. It is easy to cheat people who wish to be cheated.

MACHIAVELLI. That is true. If you wish to be certain of duping a man, pretend ignorance, he will imagine he is duping you, and you will find it easy to dupe him. It is the best policy if you have to do with crafty folk. But I pray the meeting to allow me to put my telescope into requisition, probably we shall be more successful in obtaining any information about this mysterious world and city, by this instrument, than by all our philosophical discussion.

MANY VOICES. Let him try. Let him try.

MACHIAVELLI (directing his instrument to the spot). Look here. I perceive some living creatures. Behold, here is a spider large enough to be perceived. There I mark some other living creature in appearance like a man.

PROMETHEUS. I will try to catch the spider, in the hope that it may be the only creature who sees, hears, and perceives all things in that city.

THE FULL MEETING (rising on all sides). A great idea! Let Prometheus carry it into effect. We cannot deny to Prometheus the possession of much cleverness. How much time do you need, Prometheus, for breaking into that mysterious place?

PROMETHEUS. That cannot be ascertained. I will try.

MANY VOICES. Good. Good.

(The meeting was hereupon postponed until the return of Prometheus.)

CHAPTER III.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

"I HAVE been behind the curtain," said Prometheus, "There the clouds are but gauze and rough paintings; the palace but painted calico; the rolling thunder but the rattling of stones in a barrel; the blooming faces of the actors pale and haggard; the most comical and humorous of the players haggard and full of bitterness. Men who were kissing, greeting, and smoking before the public, are full of hatred and rage, one towards another. All is gloomy. The emperors are shoemakers; the princes, burglars. In this rich dominion of the palaces are misery and want. The people are creatures animated by the three Furies, living there for the pleasure of somebody by the pleasure of somebody else."

JUPITER (to Prometheus). You said people. But the madman told us that there were no living creatures there, and no society.

PROMETHEUS. Great Jupiter! Do you not understand that to be life, without right, without justice? Without certain laws or rules? Are they living men who have lost friends, fortune, home? Who are cast into a place which is the moral bottom of the deepest mine in the world? Who are tightly screwed down, and soldered in a coffin covered with velvet and gold on the outside. Who are morally rotting as in a grave. Is this life? Dead to relations, dead to friends, dead to society, without even the pity bestowed upon those whose souls have passed to the Almighty, above whom men raise their hands when they lie upon their beds dead, and say, as the poet says, "It is a blessing he is gone."

JUPITER. Is it a cemetery?

PROMETHEUS. Worse. Carcasses need neither accommodation, nor comfort; but at the same time they are not exposed to degradation, nor delivered over to vexation and sorrow. But woe to living creatures who are defrauded of their rights, of the protection of the law, of pity, of sympathy. To whom to-day is as

yesterday, and to-morrow as to-day, a day of mortification and perplexity. Good and bad, educated and boors, modest and rascals are herded together, and compelled to associate, under the penalty for their misanthropy of being injured or killed by their brothers in suffering, or by those whose duty it is to defend them. Such an existence may be compared to the torture of binding a living man to a corpse, invented by the incredible tyranny of Mezeutius. Perhaps you will remember these lines of Virgil,

“Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vevis,
Componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora
Termenti genus !”

JUPITER. Then there are men? What is it then? a prison?

PROMETHEUS. Heaven forbid that we should so call it! In the books of the establishment, on every vessel used by day and night, on every platter, every fork (even the pitchforks), on every shovel and wheel-barrow is engraved the device Paradise, and it is said that it means a philanthropic institution.

FURIES. To be sure. Now the secret is out, we may confess that the establishment is under our care.

NEPTUNE. Then I shall not wonder if it is a very bad place.

MERCURY. I must confess also that I have some business there.

PLUTO. I do not play the smallest part there.

BACCHUS. I am banished from that place.

CUPID. I am not only banished from that place, but am even hated there. My name is forbidden to be pronounced.

PROSERPINE. I am inquisitive enough to wish to know the significance of the letters, Bccla, written on the things in paradise.

VENUS. And I too.

JUPITER. We must consult the oracles of Delphi for that explanation.

PYTHONESS. I think that the letters signify Bobblement, Coloration, Lurch, Abomination.

PROSPERINE. According to the declaration of Prometheus, that symbol is nearly right.

ORACLE OBSCURE. I suppose Bcla to mean Bedazzling, Colourless, Luciferian, Acromanian.

APOLLO OF DELPHI. I understand that Bcla signifies a place of Bedworfy, Colligation, Life-time, Abannition.

PROMETHEUS. I think all the Oracles are right. It is supposed to be a place of repose, a place of peace, a place of humanity; but all these symbols are turned to evil, and therefore I suppose the device of all the Oracles to be extremely suitable to it. Say Philanthropy, is there a phrase of babblement, coloration substituted for lurch and abomination, and you get a place for bedazzling the public. Colourless, Luciferian, Acromania, Bedworfy and Colligation, and Life-time Abannition.

JUPITER. It is very sad that in our time such a place should exist.

MACHIAVELLI. I will on this occasion depart from my ordinary course, and try to glance at the place from the smaller end of my telescope, from the converse lens. (Looks through his telescope.) Behold howsplendid the city seems from afar by the light of the sun.

PROMETHEUS. So also does it look splendid in the flashing light of gas by night. It allures and delights you. But do not look inside or your delight will vanish, the allurements cease, your feelings will be paralysed, your heart broken (if you possess such a luxury as a heart).

MACHIAVELLI. But who are those big people whom I perceive dressed in blue adorned with glittering buttons, and some with gold bands, swaggering up in the court with prosperous faces, and gay looks, that squadron of seemingly happy gentlemen, full of physical strength, cold-blooded, and self-sufficient individuals?

PROMETHEUS. Those are the only principal specimens of animated nature in the place having the right to live. They are the Spartans. That happy people—for whom it seems—and they are sure in the matter, that the city and palaces were exclusively built. Their argument is clearly based upon the almost exploded, but quite damnable doctrine, that the world itself was made for the few, who are to enjoy at the expense of many, all the blessings Jupiter has vouchsafed to them.

LYCURGUS. I told you before that it seemed an imitation of my system of Spartans and Helots, or boors. So it must be.

MACHIAVELLI (looking through telescope). I perceive here some other living creatures swarming in the court, but cannot distinguish to what class of animals they belong.

PROMETHEUS. The Spartans of the place are convinced that it is a strange, queer animal sent thither for their especial amusement, by the good pleasure of somebody else.

JUPITER. How dare they think so?

PROMETHEUS. O Providence! They have many good reasons for the idea.

JUPITER. Which are the reasons?

PROMETHEUS. The reasons are that absolute power is given to the chief by Providence, or from mortals of high rank. The chief has delegated the power to each one of his supporters, and there is neither right nor truth, no trace of law or justice, moral power is the dominion of the chief, physical power the merit of his staff. Moral violence is the "hobby" of the chief, physical violence the delight of his staff.

JUPITER. But the Helots can impeach such an admiration. I have never intrusted such absolute power to mortals. I know that the hundred eyes of Argus have need to watch men of power, knowing that they are more inclined to selfishness than to justice.

PROMETHEUS. I know you are a good and merciful God, and if the complaints of the unfortunate animals of this city could reach you, you would do them justice. But these creatures are kept under lock and key, in profound secresy. They can neither charge nor be accepted as witnesses, and as there are but the two classes, Spartans and Helots, and the Helots evidence is valueless, it must happen that crimes against them must go unpunished for want of legal evidence.

LYCURGUS. According to my principles, no Spartan is liable to punishment, even for killing his slave.

MACHIAVELLI. Such a system, Mr. Lycurgus, is not modern.

FURIES. We do not pretend to be persons of modern views.

JUPITER. Secresy is the mother of all abuses. I wonder only how, in these enlightened days, such absolute and uncontrolled power can be given to any mortal.

MACHIAVELLI. I am not a person remarkable for sentimentality; but I perfectly understand that a government must not centralise too much power in one individual, for such power will certainly be abused. My plan, well known, is, that a sovereign need not love his subjects, to be loved by them, that is not at all necessary. It is only essential that he shall deceive them. The mob will be pleased by nothing; some will love him, others will fear him; and so business will go on prosperously. But the monarch must have the supreme control always in hand. Just allowing his government officials, delicately and circumspectly, to look over, or *ne pas remarquer*, the laws of the country. Sometimes he must prevent the functionaries of the law, from going in their own way, imposing upon the ministers, and effecting rude and saucy injustice.

PROMETHEUS. That was so in your time, Mr. Machiavelli, but in the kingdom where this marvellous city is established, the sovereign has no great authority. All things are done in his name, but he himself is said, according to the constitution, to be unable to do wrong, like Providence, but, at the same time, he is deprived of the power of doing good. A minister, or every one of the twelve ministers, can do more. But the sovereign is not a pope, and is regarded as a person who is not trusted, being of no service either for good or bad. And that land is called therefore a free one.

MACHIAVELLI. A free land, with a sovereign powerless even for doing good? With Spartans and Helots, with despotic power entrusted to individuals. With some crime against law, and abuse of power suffered often to go unpunished? O Jupiter, be thou the judge between mine and modern politics.

JUPITER. It is very strange; but the madman said that there existed, in that place, another god unknown to me, and another

solar system, of which I have no knowledge or comprehension. Prometheus, are you able to explain all this to me?

PROMETHEUS. It is not in my power, great Jupiter; to penetrate the secret. I feel, as did a great philosopher, that I can but gather a few pebbles along the shore; while the great ocean of truth lies spread out before me, unexplored; like him, I even come upon barriers to further investigation, which say, inexorably, "thus far shalt thou come, but no further!" The little world is a mystery, and the city a greater mystery. The inhabitants themselves are phenomena. Science is debarred from discovering to what kind of life they are subjected. Life with them is a still more prolonged mystery, and mystery envelopes them together. Obscurity is their sphere. But I have caught the spider, the only secret witness—the spy. If you will make him speak he will declare everything.

JUPITER. Balaam's ass did speak the truth. I command you, therefore, you poor creature, you spider, to declare to the assembly the mystery of the little world, the city, the nature and character of its inhabitants, constitution, and government; all that concerns the authorities, the God thereof, his priests, the solar system, the services, sacrifices, manners, rules and regulations, and every living thing; beginning with yourself. Tell us first, therefore, who are you?

SPIDER. I am a poor harmless creature, living notwithstanding, in a comfortable tent made of silk. While men go to live in workhouses, we make houses for ourselves and our work. Yet in spite of our retirement from the busy world, our imperturbability, our noiseless, peaceful demeanour, men persecute us unsparingly, because a relation of ours—the scorpion, is vicious, and attacks men—poisoning them by its bite. Although we are ranked in the same family of "Arachnide," there is a great difference between us and the scorpions, who weave threads for the injury of mankind; while we merely war upon the flies, being driven thereto by hunger, for if we could get other to suit us, be assured we would not so transgress. It is a fact well known to naturalists, that we possess a heart, and a nerve system, and a good sense

of hearing. It is possible that man hates us because Providence having endowed us with eight eyes we are enabled to see too much of their secret affairs. But what would become of us, being so pursued by man, if we had but two eyes. We should be attacked front, rear, and in flank, and blotted out from the face of the earth; for, even as it is, our enemy—man—seeks us unrelentingly, and having found one of our dwellings, he brushes it ruthlessly to the ground, and crushes the unfortunate owner thereof to death beneath his feet. I do not wonder at this, however, for when they gain the power, they treat those of their own species with equal barbarity. The habitual poisoner like the scorpion, and the poor man who by stress of starvation is driven to steal something worthless from a rich man, is treated with equal severity (merely because it is the third crime, the third time of misery and anguish); as well as those who, in moments of great temptation, have succumbed to crime, having been all the rest of life honest and respectable. I have lived in that palace a very long time; shifting myself from one corner to another, and from one room to another, as circumstances dictated. From the modest corners of the workshops, kitchens, stores, dining-rooms, and dormitories of the inmates, to the dwellings of the authorities and their officers, I know everything; all secrets, all modes, all opinions, all doings and tricks. I have heard all discussions, orders, complaints. Read letters of the inmates; reports of the authorities. I have supervised the store, and witnessed the acting of councils of supervision, and visits of revisors. In one word, I am the oracle of the place, and am the witness of all that occurs therein day or night. I am ready, great Jupiter, to answer every question you may deign to put to me.

JUPITER. Tell me, then, my good Arachnida Pelmonata, what is the exclusive or peculiar character of this extraordinary place?

SPIDER. The peculiar character of it is, *vice versa*, in every-way.

JUPITER. And what is the motto of the place?

SPIDER. It is that which is popularly supposed to be the

motto of every doctor, "Patience (Patients), and long-suffering."

JUPITER. And what is the name of the god of that little world?

SPIDER. That god is a sun, shining unequally upon the inhabitants, making it for some a paradise, and for others a hell.

JUPITER (to Pluto). Did you ever hear of such a thing as a hell in paradise?

PLUTO. It is very strange. But remember Arachnida gave the device of the place as being *vice versa*.

JUPITER. May the devil strike me if I understand.

ARACHNIDA. Great God, Jupiter! that is the least of the wonders that you will hear from me. Here are people called "super," "chief," "over," "under." They are the happy class upon whom the sun shines, and upon whom the god bestows its heat, for whom he makes the place a paradise. To the other inmates the same god is gloomy and burning.

JUPITER. That is curious. I have forbidden all to believe in any other god but me. I know no other god than myself. I have created the universe for all things. I have afforded to mankind many privileges, and I have placed over them anointed mortals called sovereigns, and priests, tell me, then, who is the sovereign of that strange kingdom? Who allowed such abuses and knavishness? Who are the priests?

SPIDER. There every act, every law of god and the sovereign is baptised in the devil's Jordan of selfishness, and falsehood. The palaces were built, I suppose, for a philanthropic purpose, in a spirit of humanity, but the depraved functionaries, who are also the planets moving round the sun in that little world, and, also, priests of its god have gone astray. They have made an idol, a false god, a golden calf, a god of interest called "Economy." That god they represent as the supreme being, the providence, the creator of all stars and planets, the grand Llama, the mover of all other stars. (It may be called a disease of the rulers, for all the symptoms of evil arise from it.) All the wheels, as in a watch, move perpetually upon this axis,

and are turned by a spring called "Job." That spring occupies the centre as the Pope's eye, the sun, and eleven planets, as in your own system, revolve round that sun. That is the Solar system. The providence, called Economy (not political), is inaccessible to simple mortals. No one can perceive his shape, his form, his power, or his objects. He is the *terra incognita* of the priests; the "Bonzes" who preach in his name, burn every kind of "Holocaust" upon his altar, in that heathen temple all that is dear to the poor inhabitants of that world of misery, deprivation, and sorrow.

JUPITER. Who are the simple mortals? who, as Prometheus clearly explained, are not living neither are they dead.

ARACHNIDA. I am hardly able to solvethat question, all I can have the honour to do, great Jupiter! is to open for you, by means of my memory, and my long seeing and hearing, the archives of the place, or to speak more plainly, to repeat to you many letters from these strange mortals to individuals at large in your great world, with others addressed to them; as also reports of the functionaries and authorities to higher authorities, conversation of directors and controllers, visitors and revisors; by this means you will speedily become acquainted with everything, everybody, and every circumstance connected with the place. Even things which I do not understand I will faithfully portray, both the lists I have seen and the conversations I have heard; like the stupid copier of great statesmen's letters, who is respected, kept in office, and rewarded, namely, for his merit in possessing so convenient a faculty of non-comprehension.

JUPITER. Well! I myself likesecretaries and clerks who copy my writings faithfully without understanding their purport.

ARACHNIDA. I will be as the actor who concedes his own domestic grief, and acts in the most cheerful comedies upon the stage. That cheerful an agreeable mask worn over internal anguish which society so delights in, and loves to see portrayed upon the stage.

Sometimes a deadly chill crept into my heart at the scenes I witnessed (for naturalists do not deny us the possession of a

heart), and my mind was tossed to and fro by the waves of anxiety, doubt, and despair, for these poor mortals. I will be, however, not too willing, not too reluctant a witness, but, above all, a truthful one.

CHAPTER IV.

"CLAMANTIUM IN DESERTO."

(Letters and Scenes.)

LETTER I.—Paradise.—The year fourteen (14), in the month of rhubarb appearing at table (I am well aware this is but a vague and unsatisfactory date).

To the Emperor of China.—Dear Friend and Brother, I do not count the years from the era of the birth of our Saviour. Here you must live *a la mode*. I ask somebody, "What year is it?" He answers, "the twenty-ninth"; and when I retort, "What nonsense"; "No nonsense, at all," he responds. "I got into trouble in the same year that the Queen married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and received the 'pleasure of Her Majesty' on that happy occasion."

"My dear Sir," I say to him, "I ask you the year according to the Christian Era." "Ah," he answers, "I never mind that here. We have nothing to do with the world here, and their years. I know my own years, as the Queen does hers from the date of her reign." Well, I put my own year. "What month is it?" I ask my fellow again. "It seems to me to be May, he says, "because we got rhubarb on Sunday last." So I put "month of rhubarb." No date is known. This looks like anything but a date. The deuce knows what it is. So, my brother, you will wonder at my keeping silence so long, the reason is, I was kept in "seclusion" ever since I came from Cabul, where I went to push the Prince of Afghan, Shah Soojah, from his throne, and fight against the British forces. Know you who I am now? You will not be surprised when I inform you that I am the Shah Soojah himself. I fell into the hands of the British, and was put into prison for "the pleasure of the Queen." But that is all gammon. I am at the pleasure of a gentleman in whose veins there is not a drop of royal blood. The Queen has forgotten my

existence, if indeed, she ever knew of it. I write to you because I know that you are the most liberal-minded sovereign in the world, and would never give to your mandarins power to keep men in prison as long as they liked.

I have written many letters to the Queen, but get no answer from them. (I do not wonder at this, however, as many of my friends suffer the same disappointment, and I begin to think that the gaoler does not forward my letters.) Now, I am sure that your Majesty would never be so indelicate as to outrage your brother by neglecting to answer his letters. I send this to you, and if it shall happen that I get no answer, then I shall know that the gaoler does indeed suffer no letters to pass the gate. Indeed, people whisper something about a large basket in the office, wherein all letters are cast, and on the Sunday in each week they are used as fuel, for the sake of economy in the article of coal, whereby the cost of the paper is not wholly lost. This letter will show me clearly the truth of the matter. What I pray of your Majesty is, that you will not suffer any longer the importation of poison—say opium—into your empire. Never mind the treaty about it. Russia has declared that she will no longer stand bound by the Treaty of Paris, and will consider herself the mistress in her own sea. This is believed to be a Black Act, but the sea in question is considered to be of the same colour. I imagine a treaty may be compared to a wedding contract, which is needless so long as the parties love one another, and useless when they cease to regard each other. Therefore I advise you to break the Treaty of Peking, but before doing so, I request you will answer my letter, and I will immediately send you a machine which, by the aid of electro magnetic galvanic power, will immediately put *hors de combat* the whole British Army, if it should be sent to attack you, at one stroke. But I think the Liberal Ministry in England is a peaceful one, and a clever one too. The Tories preach war, but that is only to excite animosity against the Liberals. They know very well they have not an army sufficient to take the offensive against an enemy. The destructive machine I have alluded to above I can send by post, in a snuff-box covered with snuff, so that the authorities would fail to discover it.

The Emperor Napoleon promised me not to interfere in the struggle, which I do not wonder at, because he is in "Wilhelmshöhe" now. People say that Wilhelmshöhe is a lunatic asylum, as it is supposed that he is suffering from "war mania," but I think that he simply stepped into the shoes of Wilhelm (who in English is called William), and I think that, however large the shoes of King William may be, they are likely to pinch the wearer many years, causing him much discomfort.

Awaiting your Majesty's answer by post or telegraph,
I am, your Majesty's faithful friend and brother,

SHAH SOOJAH.

P.S.—I must explain to you that Napoleon the third has lost his throne now. It is the price he has had to pay for his excessive friendship for England. Had he not been so faithful, he would long ago have taken possession of England's great pet and protégé—Belgium, as Bismark had proposed to him, England would not have gone to war for it, any more than upon the Black Sea question; or if so, Bismark would have stood by him as friend and ally. He would still be seated on his throne with increased power and glory; so much so, that England's admirer, Victor Hugo, would have been compelled to blot out the title of his work, and for "*Napoleon le petit*" substitute, "*Napoleon le grand*;" and having Belgium in his possession he would be able to strike a blow at Prussia afterwards. Now-a-days, the principle of clever men must be, take what is given to you and demand more afterwards.

Do not wonder that such a great man as Napoleon the Third fell at Wilhelmshöhe. It is more wonderful how he obtained the throne. Certainly it was by running great risk; and persons who are capable to rise by great hazards are fit to fall down by the same.

Now the minister, Jules Favre, said in his proclamation, that the Revolution now in Paris is the result of the guilt of French sufferings. But he forgot that the guilt of the revolution rests with himself. M. Thiers, as the guardian of the Republic, is as much in place as King Victor Emmanuel was guardian of

the patrimony of the Pope, or as a wolf placed as guardian to a sheep-fold. The Republicans need not be very clever to penetrate such a trick. Men like M. Thiers think themselves very cunning as does my gaoler also; but I am sure he will not be able to penetrate the mystery of the machine in the snuff-box, when covered over cleverly with snuff; and how astonished he will be when he discovers what has passed out unnoticed so nearly under his nose.

SHAH SOOJAH.

P.S.—No. 2. Napoleon the Third has made a mistake, and it is said that Palmerston also made a mistake in going to war for Turkey; so did I when I caught my wife in the arms of a paramour, instead of killing the Lovelace I stabbed my wife. So it is all over the world. People pay for mistakes as well as for crimes. A mistake, and a crime may be compared to a grain of seed cast upon the ground without notice, which sooner or later will take root, “and bring forth fruit of sorrow or trouble according to its kind.” Now, what Napoleon, Palmerston and myself call misfortune, is only miscalculation, I do not believe either in fortune or misfortune. Men do not like to call things by their proper names. Thus it come to pass that my prison is not called a prison, notwithstanding the high wall and boundary, and the opening and stoppage of letters that do not meet with the approval of the authorities.

SHAH SOOJAH, of Afganistan.

But here I am called Daniel Juxe for some reason. Which bear out what I have said relative to the dislike of mankind to call things by their proper names. It is well known that Napoleon the First was not called Emperor at St. Helena, but General Buonaparte. Why?

Letter 2.—From Apostle Paul, to the Angel Gabriel.—Bcla is the name of my residence, in the month of the visits of some gentlemen called “Revisors,” or “Commissioners” it seems to be autumn, but there is neither date of month or year. It is somewhat chaotic.

To the great Angel Gabriel.—Sir; my dear sir; my Lord. My text for this day will be from Psalm cxiv of David. "The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like young sheep."

Now when I preached upon that text before I settled in the paradise, people did not understand, how it was possible for "mountains to skip like rams, and the little hills like young sheep." I, myself, though believing the words of holy David, was not able to comprehend such a phenomenon. Now all is clear to me. I am an eye witness nearly every day that the mountains in the prospect are skipping like rams, and the little hills on which the farm is situated, with the farmer's young sheep, are jumping, hopping, skip-jacking altogether like grasshoppers. Whereupon I sing, upon the top terrace of the court, "Tremble thou earth at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob." "All the whole Heavens are the Lord's; the earth hath he given to the children of men." I had hardly finished the sixteenth verse of the chapter, when two devils, dressed like men, in blue coats and brass buttons, captured me, saying, "This is no place for preaching and singing!" "Why? The word of God? Is not this the place?" I ask. "The heavens are the Lord's, and the earth of Bcla hath he given to the devil!" The two devils, in the garb of men, answered, "Nonsense!" I cry out, "The dead praise not thee, O Lord; neither they that go down into silence! But we will praise the Lord; from this time forth for evermore, and everywhere!" (also seventeenth and eighteenth verses of the same chapter.) I had hardly finished the verse, when the two devils knocked me down. I rose to a sitting posture, and they held both my arms. Thereupon I began to sing the eleventh verse of Psalm cxviii., "They kept me in on every side. They kept me in, I say on every side, but in the name of the Lord will I destroy them. They came about me like bees." I was beginning the twelfth verse, but the devils caught me off my feet, and dragged me from the upper terrace to the lower; my coat was torn, and I began to sing (v.13), "Thou hast thrust sore at me, that I might fall; but the

Lord will help me ;" (and the 14th), "The Lord is my strength and my song, and is become my salvation!" "Keep quiet!" shouted the devils ; "silence!" "I am troubled above measure, quicken me, O Lord !" I began (v. 107 Psa. cxiii.), "I hate them that imagine evil things, but thy law do I love. Thou art my defence and my shield, and my trust is in thy word. (v. 115) Away from me, ye wicked ! I will keep the commandments of my God !" "Here you must keep the commandments of the principal," the two devils exclaimed, "and must keep silence." "Never !" I shouted, and began to sing (Psa. 121) *Feci Judicium*, "I deal with the thing that is lawful and right. O give me not over to mine oppressors !" (and v. 28), "I hold straight all thy commandments ; and all false ways I utterly abhor !" (of the principals, that is). "They draw nigh that of malice persecute me ; and are far from thy law." "From what law ?" the devils asked me. "We have our own laws here, the orders of the principal," they added. "Damn your laws !" I cried, and began *Vide Humilitatem*, "Avenge thou my cause, O God, and deliver me. Many there are that trouble me, and persecute me, yet do I not swerve from thy testimonies. It grieveth me when I see the transgressors, because they keep not thy law." And I had scarcely finished the verse, when those two devils knocked me down again ; but I immediately began Psa. cxx., *Ad Dominum*, "When I am in trouble I called upon the Lord. Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue." (v. 4), "Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech and to have my habitation among the tents of Kedas." (v. 5) "My soul hath long dwelt among them that are enemies unto peace." (6), "I labour for peace ; but when I speak unto them thereof, they make them ready for battle."

Yes ; every day they do battle with me for preaching the gospel. I must believe that Bcla is hell itself. Great Angel Gabriel, come to deliver me ; or send Michael or Raphael. Order St. Peter to open to me the gates of heaven—of the real paradise ; and, oh, deliver me from the paradise of the wicked ! I trouble you with my letter, because no letter from me to mankind,

even to my wife, is forwarded, because of my complaints against the tyranny of the place, and I think that they will not dare to keep back a letter addressed to you. Please to inform my wife that I am suffering very much from the obstacles placed in the way of our correspondence, from rotten potatoes, bitter butter, from the wicked men in blue clothes, and from the rascally principal. To night, they say, there will be an exhibition of the magic lantern; all my fellows will go to witness it, and with them will go the principal, and, I trust, the devils, too. Nobody will be left behind, and so I trust I shall find myself able to preach unmolested; and I will do so! O good Angel Gabriel, I am afraid I shall get mad here!

From your humble servant,

APOSTLE PAUL.

[Called by the devils Mr. Jonxine.]

N.B.—I will never cease to complain or to preach. Let them do with me what they like. “O Lord, forgive them, they know not what they do.” I now sing the verse of the Psalm, “But they are all gone out of the way, they are altogether become abominable. There is none that doeth good—no, not one.”

PAUL [humble Paul].

Letter 3.—From Johan Serpents.—To my dear brother, by trade and business, Alphonse Burglar-Master.

Dear Friend,—I have my career safe at last. I shall never more be tried by the bloody aristocrats for so-called crimes. I have invented something. I have made a discovery. I have found out the “perpendum mobleses.”* You know I am not exactly a learned man, and do not know the exact spelling of that subtle word of science. But it is said that when “perpendum mobleses” shall be discovered, it will effect a complete revolution in the world. So will my invention, also. It is a scheme to make fun of the stupid jurymen, and the bloody-minded fat old judges. I am now in a lunatic asylum. A delightful place I can assure you, a real paradise. Eating and drinking, good beds,

* Perpetum mobilis.

cards and dominoes, and billiards. Chapel, if you are so minded (I go sometimes, for the sake of the music, there are some nice girls there who sing), but that is not all, my dear. Here I am a respectable man, and a privileged person—not a gentleman—oh, no! Damn the gentlemen! I don't like them, I feel myself outraged by being called a gentleman. There, I am a respectable man, and a privileged individual. You know I always had a keen scent; like the best fox-hound I can smell a rat, and I scented one the authorities never dreamed of. Their "hobby-horse," as you must know, is "economy." If a man help them a little in their favourite object, he becomes their friend; in the same way as in our line of business, when a servant opens the door for you at midnight, he would be your friend. So I got into favour with the attendants. I told them I was a barber (I never was), but there is no great art in it, for there was none but lunatics to shear and shave. At first I inflicted a few scratches, but I apologised, saying that the patient would not sit quiet to be operated upon. I learned a little in the process, and now I am a licensed barber, doing the work of the attendants; who are therefore my friends. I get tobacco from them according to the rules for work, and extra tobacco from the chief order, for making reports. I get extra diet as a sick man, I tell the doctors that I feel a pain in the throat. It is not exactly a lie, for you know that I like to babble and chatter from early morning till night, That is my weakness, or rather wickedness, and sometimes I feel really dry in the throat. The doctor knows that it is gammon, but is very glad to stick to the matter which enables him to afford me friendship in return for my secret reports, by bestowing upon me a superior diet. I get everything I wish for. I order my dinner every day, while some stupid fellows who are really ill, cannot get anything but bad potatoes, and bitter butter, and often bad meat, and instead of six ounces, hardly four, and as raw as though it were prepared for the pigs. I get mutton chops, puddings, cocoa, and so on. But that is not all. You know I do not like gentlemen, so I harrass and annoy them continually. I make grimaces when they speak, find out the books they read,

and before they have finished hide them so that they cannot find them. If they take another I steal that, and so on. I manage so that they cannot get the newspapers. I steal their manuscripts and put them in the fire, or give them to the principal. I make grimaces at them when I meet them in the corridor (and I endeavour to meet them there as often as possible). Thus I make some of them pray to be shifted, and clear the best "block" from the people I dislike. Sometimes I meet with obstinate men, as was the case not long ago. A proud fellow, who would not forget that he was a gentleman, and kept himself resolutely from me, I pursued him therefore half a year or more; trying all my tricks as above described. He complained of me many times to the principal, but the principal told him that if he went on in that way charging the man, and complaining, he would shift him to a "worse place." I pursued him therefore half a year more. Once, when I was grimacing before him, he called me a monkey. I caught him by the collar, and would have given him a good lesson, but as he was a sick man some of the patients came to protect him. He complained of me to the doctor, but the principal is my friend, and he assured the doctor that it never happened, that I am a very quite man. Well, some time afterwards he came to wash himself in the lavatory, there was no one to witness my behaviour, so I put out my tongue, and made grimaces near his face as though I wished to kiss him, and he defended himself with his hands calling me a monkey again, and then retiring to his sleeping-room. I considered that moment favourable to action, and following him to his chamber I dealt him two blows, one after another, in his eyes, so that blood dashed from them as from a fountain. When the doctor came, he heard from me that the man had provoked me by shaking his hands in my face, and the principal corroborated my statement, by saying that he also witnessed a case in which the man had shaken his hands in a person's face. This was not true, but he was protecting me to the best of his ability. So I was obliged by being allowed to stop where I was, notwithstanding that, by the rules of the place, I should have been shifted. Then the proud gentle-

man walked about with plasters on his face, and began to grumble against me, and against the place. I told this to the principal, and he came and locked the gentleman up in the water-closet, a very pleasant place, and afterwards he pushed him out, and caught him by the collar, pressing him to his bed. When the man managed to get to another room, where there were some lunatic witnesses, he pushed him out violently. This was all done in order to excite him, and cause him to fight, so that there should arise a sufficient motive to shift him in No. 6 Block, which is worse than any of the dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition. This man, however, was cursed cunning, and told the principal, "You are as great a rascal as the man who struck me, and I only wish I could chastise you as you deserve; that is what you wish, also, so that you may have the pleasure of moving me to No. 6, but I will not so gratify you; for I know where I am, and that there is no justice or truth in the place." Afterwards the principal and the attendant tortured him every day, but the man had an iron spirit, and was obstinacy itself. He is sick, too, bodily, and I think that I and the principal have co-operated in bringing about this result. I hope that he may be soon shifted to No. 7, for the study of the doctors (the dead-house is called No. 7 Block).

There are six blocks in the place, apparently for the purpose of enabling a system of classification to be carried out, according to the state of mind, character, and previous life of the patient. But that is all gammon. There is really no such classification; as you may see gentlemen, quiet and true, but proud, and keeping themselves aloof from such folk as I, obliged to live with me and my associate. The whole fact of the matter is that somebodies are very fond of work, not as it affects the health of the patient. They do not care much about such mock humanity, but they endeavour to induce men to work simply for the sake of economy. For instance, when a hundred men work in the garden for the trifling guerdon of a pennyworth of pudding per diem, they save for the authorities about 300 shillings or £15. per day; which amounts in a year to something like £5,000! a nice little

luncheon for the somebody you know. There can't be any control, or supervision exercised upon this source of income, for it is only sufficient for them to reform a fifth part or £1,000 in a year, to receive a good character and some reward too. So that is all right, to their great happiness. But in order to secure this, it is necessary that a man who works should be humoured. He must be allowed to stop in the block which suits him; he must be tolerated even when noisy, and violent, against quiet men. His conduct must be overlooked when he annoys other unoffensive creatures, but non-warders. The scrubbers also, who, as I in my barbering, are doing the work of the attendants, must be protected by them, and when they strike a gentleman he must be put in the wrong, and they made out to be blameless. I like the place. I was always fond of assaulting gentlefolks, but was obliged to be very cautious. The cursed police, you know, are always about, and besides they can keep from mixing with what they call the mob. Here, however, they are compelled to herd with us, and it is we who are protected by the police, and are allowed to beat them at our pleasure, without risking anything. I tell you it is a pleasant place. I send you this letter clandestinely, through rough Jack Pat, the chimney sweeper, who works here, he is one of our sort, but very happy until now. Any other way my letter would not reach you. According to the rules, patients may correspond with whom they please. Their letters are examined solely for the purpose of ensuring their being strictly correct in point of decency of language, and free from insult to the parties to whom they are addressed, This is as much gammon as the rules relating to classification. and is termed, in the same way, from the benefit of the patient to the benefit of the somebodies. You can use if you like some unsuitable words, they will excuse them on the ground that you are a rascal or a lunatic, but if you insert even the most delicate hint as to what is going on here, your letter will reach no further than the chimney of the office. It is considered as blasphemy, which is worse than bad words. I read in the *Times* that patients are permitted to write what they like to whom they like. That is

so far true ; you may write what letters you please, but, as I said before, they will go no further than the chimney of the office. You see all this is the work of the somebodies who call us criminals, and themselves gentlemen ; we roughs, and the scum of the people, themselves, delicate and refined. Sentencing us to seven years penal servitude for stealing a goose, simply because the prisoner had stolen a piece of pudding the first time, and a half-crown the second. I have never had the opportunity before to control gentlemen's business, and supposed that a gentleman was not given to crime, in the same way as we are, not by reason of the honesty of his nature, no ! I believed not in the existence of such an animal as an honest creature in the universe, but for the security of their property and income, but now, I am sure they are worse than we, in every way. If they are not looked after, they are as fond as cheating, and indulging in falsehood and tricks as we are. They need not break open houses or boxes when the house and the box is opened to them. I speak generally. But I consider that such persons, if they were in our position, would be worse than we are. Look at the sort of butter with which they supply the men. It must be specially contracted for from the manufacturers of the celebrated "Thames Butter" which could not be sold in the market of any country, I think, even in Abyssinia. Often the potatoes are rotten, or of bad quality. I have never seen such victuals in my life. The meat sometimes is like the sole of my boot, and, more frequently than not, raw. Not that I suffer from these tricks. No ! I know my business to well. But I speak generally of the sufferings of others,—foolish men to be sure—but nevertheless it shows the character of gentlemen. I declare publicly that, bad as I am by nature, and confessing at the same time that I have no religion but robbery and violence. I would not act in such a way, if I received a certain income yearly by doing nothing. Why do such people go to church, sheer hypocrisy, yes, that is the disease of our country—the so-called happy island.—Free land ! I speak generally.

Well, but now, as I have told you I have discovered the "perpetual motion," I shall soon be released, and then we must risk

breaking into the Bank of England, or some other large concern. If we succeed, Hurrah! Hurrah! If apprehended, my lawyer shall plead "insanity," proving that I have been in a madhouse, and I will say to the jury, "that if they find me guilty, I will consider them to be of the same class as I am, anti-Christian, Chinese jurymen, and not natives of a free land." I should come here as a still more privileged person, because "pleasure men are more regarded than convicts, and I should announce to the authorities, that if they are not perfectly respectful to me, I will knock out their brains, and make pudding of it, and eat it on Sunday." Thus I hope they will be induced to treat me well, and with humanity, not for fear of God, but from fear of me, and then I shall manage to give them the slip. I must narrate to you some anecdotes. You know I like to smoke all day, but no matches are given here to patients, and when I go for a walk into the garden, I cannot find the means to light my pipe. I hit upon a plan, however, which suited me admirably. I asked for a pair of spectacles, but the pair of glasses they give here are of no use to light my pipe by the aid of the sun. I asked therefore for spectacles of a high number, and of a short focus (you know I never used spectacles in my life, nor, indeed, do I now), such as cost fifteen shillings, pebbles of the finest quality. They were not inclined at first to give them to me, then I began to threaten that I would break all the windows in the place. I knew very well that I should have got blocked up for a few days for such an indulgence, but I have got a character from the first lunatic asylum where I was, in which my biting off a man's ear figures largely, and so they fear to go any great lengths with me. Thus you see, my friend, what power a character has, both here and before the magistrates. They gave me such spectacles as no old man who needed them sorely, could get in ten years asking. Notwithstanding the above-mentioned character, I am intrusted with scissors and razors, as if I were the most secure, and best intentioned person, while quiet men cannot get even a steel pen under pretext of the rules. All is gammon here, you see, *vice versa*, a madhouse you know! I begin to think that the attendants

themselves are a little touched, or else are perfect humbugs. So, my dear Alphonse, I am in a paradise, instead of labouring on public works. I am perfectly well. No matter what the rest of mankind may need, my wants are supplied. I sleep in a big room, in company with the most amiable young patients, and am beloved by them, and by the principal too; being thought by all a useful and amiable person, though by the gentle-folks considered a rough and a villian. Never mind! So I duped the prison authorities, and so I am duping the authorities here. I cannot understand why they need here a superintendent who is a doctor, when doctors know nothing about madness. All they can do is to try the men by speaking with them. If the man wish to be considered mad, he will talk a bushel of nonsense. Therefore, if there is no more scientific way of testing madness, why is a doctor needed to be superintendent? Could it not be a retired colonel, who had fought for his country, been wounded, and who would be satisfied with half the pay of the superintendent? Two doctors of medicine are too many here, while in a prison, with three times the number of men, there is but one. The authorities has naturally some interest in keeping men here who are fully sensible, and who do not like to stay here; and more especially men who are able to carry out something not very amiable by speech or writing. If he were a colonel he would not be able to do so, because the doctors, who are not governors, and have not the same interest in keeping the sensible part of the men, and are not subordinate to the superintendent, would not support him in that injustice, reporting sensible men mad. When you and I are returned as members of Parliament, we might bring in a bill about the matter, and also about the brutal treatment in the prisons, where a clever fellow of our sort will never stop, when he knows that there exists such a paradise for us miserable sinners. It is only necessary that before you concert your plan to strike the warders, you shall begin to talk nonsense for a week or two. Afterwards you can begin to fight or break windows. It is true they will put you in a strait-jacket, never mind! They will soon get tired of dealing with you. But

remember that you must tell a good deal of nonsense before getting violent, because if you neglect to do that cleverly, you will get the cat-o'-nine tails. A bad affair that is indeed, some of my fellows enjoyed it many times before they got into the strait-jacket, and ultimately were admitted here to the paradise. But then they were all foolish fellows, not knowing their own business. In every way it is better to do here every day of your sentence, than to work hard under the brutal cruelty of the warders, and to receive a ticket-of-leave which is but a ticket of death. At the expiration of my sentence, they will send me to my county asylum ; there I will be sensible and let free without having any business with the cursed police. Would it not be better, and more just, not to treat convicts like dogs ; not to make them labour excessively ; not to give tickets-of-leave, but to give remission without ticket, or to give a passage to America if the convict wish, or to establish a colony for released convicts who wish to settle, giving them land, and some materials for a better house, under the condition of paying for the same at the end of a term of years, would not this be better than to torture a poor sinner cruelly, to make his superiors more hateful to him, because he witnesses every day transgressions of the law on their parts, abuse of power and contempt of right. The same crimes for which the prisoner is punished brutally go unpunished in them, as I have witnessed in prison, and as I have witnessed now in this place. Yes, my friend ; once become a criminal and there is no redemption for you. Remember only what I have told you. When you get into trouble do not fight or break the discipline of the prison before you have talked a good deal of nonsense, so shall you avoid the claws of the cat, and enter into my paradise. When we shall be released, we will concert some more useful and less risky business, and when the cursed fat old judge shall, preparing his wig, lurking for us in his high seat like a boa constrictor from a tree, when it distinguishes a bullock passing beneath, prepare to execute his severity upon us, he will be paralysed by the sudden plea of the lawyer, "the man is a lunatic !" He was seven years in a "paradise," and cannot be

held responsible for his acts, nor punished for them. Then Her Most Gracious Majesty's pleasure will be bestowed upon us, and we shall go to the paradise, to live there under the pleasure of the superintendent, whom we will keep at a respectful distance and in a humane disposition towards us, because he will know that we are not gentlemen, and shall not salve very much his sinful head. We shall obtain everything we want, and do what we please, and obtain the pleasure that we most value and cannot obtain outside, that of harrassing and annoying gentlemen without risk of punishment. But I have taken an oath that if ever I shall become a member of Parliament I will bring in a bill for the revision of the discipline of prisons, to the end that unnecessary cruelty shall be abolished. For it is this cruelty that leads to the necessity of building "paradises," in which the wickedest of men, such as me, obtain a footing, leaving the better poor sinners to bear the burden of their punishment. If the cruelty and the tickets-of-leave were abolished, the "paradises" would not be filled, even to the tenth of them, and the inconveniences arising in the dealing with burglarious ex-inmates when they appear before the magistrates would be abolished. I enclose a letter which I have stolen from a gentleman—or rather it is a diary—and which otherwise could not find its way out of the place. I have stolen it only to annoy him. He is not mad at all, and does not wish to be here, he asks often times to be sent back to prison, because I torture him more than a warder could do in prison, but he is kept here because he writes diaries, and will be reported mad a long time, perhaps all his life. The stupid in his dairy, abuses even me and calls me a rascal. I am very glad he does not call me a gentleman. I should be ashamed to bear the title.

Write me a letter, but do not say a word about getting my letter, because the authorities here are in the habit of examining all letters. It is not lawful to read letters received for patients, but they do not care about laws here. Notwithstanding that they call us criminals. Hoping that we shall soon meet

again, in the precincts of a jeweller's shop, or some similar place, I remain, your friend for ever,

JAN SERPENTS.*

P.S.—You must not wonder at my signing myself Jan Serpents, when you know that my real name is Knife, at the last trial I took another name, else as it was the fourth conviction the judge would have given me fifteen years perhaps, instead of seven, you know those crocodiles.

Here is the diary of the gentleman.

No. 1 Journal.—October 18.—Paradise, Bcla.

The visit of the commissioners is awaited. What use can I make of it? I think I will give them a copy of my two days diary. I will try. I commence.

The first question to be resolved is whether I am still mad, or whether my case was a mere temporary attack induced by the action of grief, anguish, broken hopes, loss of honour (innocently), aggravated by the influence of confinement, the degradation inseparable from a prison, vexation, and deprivation, and a proud man, accustomed to live a comfortable and respectable life. I remember everything. I am able to write, and compose a regular and intelligible plot. I suffer here more than in a prison! To be in company all day with such a rascally rough as Serpents is a crueller punishment than even the inquisition could inflict. That rascal has been a pirate, a burglar, a garotter, convicted the fourth time, as he boasts of quite shamelessly himself, as though he were saying, "I have been wounded four times fighting for my country." That ruffian assured me that he wished me not to be in the Block. Well I should be glad to get as far from him as the Antipodes, but I can't go even as far as another Block, where the principal is also a villian and the attendants for the most part dogs where the company is mixed, and where another ruffian will doubtless pursue me for not keeping company with him, for not laughing at his ugly jokes, and abominable language.

* The author recalls to the minds of the readers his advertisement placed in the commencement of the book, though the letter of the rascal is the real original.

Can I do otherwise than keep myself entirely apart from him? If I can not, then I shall be no safer in another block than here! A man who is not a ruffian, is here in the position of a man on board a ship surrounded by fire, he can choose only between drowning and burning. No classification? Why? The government has built here six blocks. Why six? It seems that, (it seems to me, I mean), the commissioners appointed for the purpose avail themselves of the barometer in their study of Natural temperament, and so found that six blocks were sufficient for all the varieties of temperament to be found among madmen. For example on the Barometer we have—

Fair, set-fair, very dry, stormy, much rain, rain, and instead of change, we have here the dead-house. Well it would be more correct to divide the place into twelve blocks, because madness possesses a great many varieties, and even if a hundred blocks were built for the purpose it would not be sufficient for complete classification, according to the method pursued here by the authorities; on one side, as the report of the principals upon the state of mind of the patients is guided by self-interest to be thoroughly false, the authorities are all blinded; on the other side the self-interest of making economy by the work of the patients compels them to go astray, and to keep the most men in whatever place it suits them to be, and so transgression of the law, and contempt of what is right is used by them to enforce the dogma of "encouraging men to work for their health!" as stated in the rules. It seems as if the authorities understood the subject of the place after the following fashion:—That the Almighty in his goodness to these gentlemen had established, for their special behalf, an idea in the minds of the ministers to create for them a little china, in which they should be first-class mandarins (and what could be more pleasant for mankind) in the receipt of good wages, which should be increased by means of economy; that, as the earth is given by the Almighty to man for his benefit, so should Paradise be given to them for their pleasure. For their profit, also, are sent here some strange animals strong in the sinews and capable of work, and others more strange for their

pleasure and amusement. Bitter to them is the man who is not able to work, and so it is bitter to me ! For nearly a year my protestations against my dormitory were entirely unheard or unheeded, as was the case with the protest of Lot against the inhabitants of his city. When I asked for a single room, I was told that a single room is necessary for working men, until at last, one night a burglar nearly took my life, and then I was shifted to another block. Another man had also declared that he did not like gentlemen, and told me to go away from that block to another or to the devil ! He pursued me every day, threatening he would break my neck. I protested, but in vain ; the man was a scrubber, and therefore under the protection of the principal ; but at last, one beautiful morning he pushed me from behind, hurling me down the terrace, and although he did not succeed in breaking my neck, he dislocated my arm, from which I suffered nine months.

Journal No. 2.—I read in the *Standard*, an article headed “Lunatics, and the phenomenon of broken ribs !”—

“John Hinton, confined in the Birmingham Lunatic Asylum, died on the 10th of December. On examination it was found that nine of his ribs were broken—one of the ribs being pushed into the liver had caused his death. A patient of the Asylum, James Sumner, (since discharged cured,) said that he saw the attendant, William Brayley, throw John Hinton down on the tiled floor of the ward, and stamp upon him as he lay upon his back. The Jury acquitted the prisoner, seemingly on the ground that Sumner had not reported the act of violence at the time. Sumner’s excuse, a very natural one, being that he was afraid !” (to be killed also). In the name of humanity, the *Birmingham Post* newspaper invites the managers of asylums to look better after the safety of poor lunatics (in an asylum !). I had not so much experience in the matter, and had reported many times such treatment to patients. Not long ago a man, called Barton, was, by order of the principal of No. 3 Block, violently treated by an attendant, who broke his hand. He is still walking about with his hand in splints. The principal is as gay and as happy

as before. The brutal attendant is peacefully enjoying himself in the same manner. The victim alone suffers. His hand will be cured before the visit of the commissioners, which will be about ten months; and if the patient dare to complain, he will be considered a liar.

Letter 4.—From patient Howkin to the Commissioners in Lunacy. January, 3871, Paradise.

I have the honour to write to you the hundred and twentieth letter. It is said, in the *Times*, that lunatics are allowed to write letters to whom they like, and what they like! Well! that is true. They can write; the question is, can they be sure that it will be forwarded to the persons to whom it may be addressed. I will answer yes! if it does not contain anything about the place tenderly called an asylum, and no! if it did. Yes! if the letter be nonsense, no! if the letter should be too sensible, as it would cause the person to whom it was addressed to wonder why so sensible a man was detained in a lunatic asylum! That is the religion of the place. Some philosophers had propounded the idea of a Government asylum instead of the County ones, and the idea would be a useful one, if persons were not allowed to economise it for their own aggrandisement, and if it were sufficiently under control; but functionaries in the guise of superintendents have turned the idea to the devil, endeavouring little by little to make it a workhouse—a house of correction—introducing prison discipline and prison rules. Iron bars on the windows, prison punishment for any abuse or insult by words offered to the principal, and hard punishment for years when it was used against the superintendent. Imprisonment for life, under the pretext of madness, if any patient should be guilty of writing letters to the authorities, or keeping journals for his own amusement. To the last category I belong myself. I am a convict, sentenced to seven years penal servitude. I am here now eleven years, in an asylum, no one act of madness can be proved against me; but there is no need to act in any way insanely to be reported mad. The attendants and principals know very well whom the superintendent wishes to keep, and they make

reports of the following description :—" . . . was talking loudly to himself last night, and to-night he was singing." It is completely false, but who can disprove it? The report is written down in the books, and quarter after quarter forwarded to the Secretary of State, and upon such reports a man will be detained as insane all his life. The superintendent will be assured the diaries will never leave the place, and he will reign happy and prosperously, like a shah of Persia, to the great misfortune of the patient.

The late superintendent was despotic enough, but possessed some principle; and it is said, that the new superintendent, at that time deputy-superintendent, was the main spring of all injustice introduced into the place, and, indeed, reading his conduct in the light of his present acts, that must be true. The new superintendent is more despotic than the late one; gives more power to the principal and attendants, and adheres more rigidly to the cursed principle of detaining sensible men; for this reason he bestows more attention upon the importance of keeping letters back, and of reading the letters addressed to the patients. I gave him a letter for the council. He assured me that he had laid it before the gentlemen, but that they had not read it. Well, I gave him a letter for the commissioners. He opened it, read it, and did not give it back to me. Why?—If a functionary is doing his duty what has he to fear from letters?—The answer is simply—secrecy is the mother of falsehood, the protector of despotism, and trickery is the *summum bonum* of this place; where men are put to torture, and caused to despair. Where there are no laws, no rules, no truth, no humanity, no religion; despotism, a imposition and hypocrisy is the trinity of the place. The worst men are the happiest. Impostors coming from prisons are the favorites in this lion's den, called an asylum. The power of such an unheard of administration, and their disposition to claim an immunity from certain laws which are binding on the patients, all arises from the cursed system of secrecy, adopted here;—the system which the new superintendent pursues much more than the late one. He burns letters with impudent boldness; the

corrupt attendants and principals get more power than ever they possessed before. There must be more falsehood than before, and therefore the tenderness of the chief for his subordinates has increased also. Classification has entirely ceased. Victuals are worse than ever! The aim to cut up the correspondence of patients becomes awful.*

Letter 5.—From TOM CHASS to his Son.

My dear Dick,—I hope you are well, but you have forgotten your good Father. This is the fifteenth letter I have addressed to you, and it will be the last if you do not answer it. I am suffering here awfully. The attendants treat me like a dog. They push me, drag me, strike me with whatever they have in their hand,—Calling me a “strong pig—a pauper—a lazy fellow”—because I do not scrub. I tried to do so at one time, induced thereto by the annoyance to which my continued refusal subjected me, but I got the rheumatics in my bones. They gave me warm water to scrub with, and at the same time opened all the windows; thus I was in the vapour from the warm water, and under the draught of cold air from the window at the same time. I got the fever, also, but of that I am cured; the rheumatics remain, however, and I am suffering cruelly. Woe to a person who is not able to work here; he is lost! The attendants pursue him, hate him, and not only afford him no protection, but torture him themselves. Why will you not answer my letters? Why will you not petition the Secretary of State for your father? I have tried to complain to the commissioners, but that is of no avail; on the contrary, it brings vengeance upon my head. For God’s sake answer my letter, if you receive it, or it will be the last of me.

(THE SPIDER: It was the last, indeed!)

Letter No. 6.—To the Council of Supervision of the Asylum.
From a patient named Kerble.

* The Author humbly prays the dear reader not to forget the advertisement which he has placed at the commencement of this work.

I hope I am an Englishman—at least a Scotchman—at all events a British subject. I have been kept here nearly thirty years—twenty-five of which I have been fully sensible—and if you would but take the trouble to examine the patients, you would be assured of the facts. The superintendent does not like to recommend sensible men to liberty, because he does not wish the secrets of the place to transpire!

He told me I am kept because I am a Scotchman, and that Scotland has her own laws, and is not obliged to receive convicts after they have finished their sentences, into her county asylums; while the law of England does not allow his freedom to be given to a patient in the government asylum, he must first be sent to his county asylum. Thus I am made a victim of the complexity of the laws. If the law is wrong, it is the duty of the council to amend it; the more so, as there are among the gentlemen composing it, members of Parliament.

The council is a benevolent court, and is it not their duty to afford pity to men who are suffering without cause, merely because the law is wrong and should be altered?

Letter No. 7.—The year 2965, no month existing, nor date either.

To the Duke of Argyll, from the universal architect, Paddy Linden, now in confinement in Bcla.

My Lord,—You are well aware that I am called here, treacherously, Paddy Linden, instead of Macadam, the great engineer, that is my body, my soul is Newton, my right hand is Watt, and my left hand, Lesseps. There does not exist one steamer, one railroad, one channel, one machine in the universe, which was made by any other than myself. You, my lord, will recall to your right honourable mind, that you did not allow any blacksmith to shoe any of your lordship's race horses besides myself! If your lordship still remembers the fact, you will be glad to hear that I have broached many new inventions. First, a lock for the pocket to prevent it being picked by the most expert pick-pocket. The second is a machine to prevent the chief official in Paradise from keeping the fire-places without coals, and also

from averting his eyes when the meat introduced to us poor men is as hard as the hoof of one of your race horses, and I should not wonder if it were race horse flesh altogether. The third invention is, that when the potatoes brought for dinner are rotten, they shall be put into my machine, where they will take root, spring, and bear fruit in ten minutes, such potatoes as usually given to your pigs. The fourth invention, is to make the bad butter sweet. It is a sort of churn, in which a butterman of Piccadilly is set, and, unless the "Thames Butter" is put in, including a farthing, or even a half-farthings worth in addition, the butter will become sweet. The fifth invention, is a machine to wash the trousers while they are upon our legs, in order that we may enjoy the pleasure of being clean dressed. The sixth is an electric machine, which shall help the patient when he is violently attacked by the attendants, who are here of great physical power while the patients are very weak. The eighth invention is an automaton, who shall be a yearly witness against the attendants and principals, witnessing their crimes and transgressions (because patients are not entitled to be legal witnesses), and their acts, and see the acts of those much higher than they, sifted to the bottom, here. The ninth invention is a kind of air telegraph, concealed in the chimney, which will convey clandestinely all letters of patients to their friends, which the authorities do not wish to forward, because thereby they will suffer grief, and because those higher powers would be troubled and baffled, and made to wonder. The tenth is a kind of magnetic machine, which would draw, by means of a powerful attractor, called "humanity," the councillors once a month to our blocks, as also the commissioners, but with these latter the power of the machine would be much feebler, as they are a rising power, and doing their duty much more energetically, and therefore would be brought by its power but once in three months. Indeed to wait twelvemonths in order to make a complaint, is a mockery; for instance, if I am a religious man, I cannot be so rancorous as to charge a man with evil done to me after twelvemonths have elapsed since the committing of the offence. Some people indeed are vindictive enough

to charge a man after such a lapse of time, but their memories are deficient, and they forget the matter, being not in the best of health. Thus, if my automaton be not created, there will be no witnesses at all.

I hope that these ten inventions will do. Especially if the authorities will but keep the commandments of Moses, which, also, are but ten. If I could but invent a machine to make them keep these commandments, no other invention would be necessary. But that is a matter out of my power, and I scarcely believe that there exists any method which could effect such a wonder, unless, indeed, the secret of "perpetual motion" should be discovered, and if I said that I considered that probable, your lordship would consider me a madman.

Your lordship will excuse the fact of my letter being full of blots of ink. It is not my fault. There is a man called Jack Hops an uncivilised man he is, when I commence to write he always comes, and pushes my elbow. When I say to him, Jack, you must not do this, the letter is to the Duke of Argyll, the first person in the universe. He is my benefactor, you know; a duke, you know; a very great man, you know! You must not disturb me. He laughs, and does it the more. I become angry, and tell him that he ought not be here in company with quiet men, and men of art and civilisation, thereupon he pushes my hand again; and when I call him a — rough, he breaks my nose. When I charge him to the authorities, the attendants, the — liars, told the gentlemen that I had provoked him. But can the attendants make me scrub? No! Never. If I shall spend my time in making inventions, it will bring me in millions, while if I scrub I gain nothing by it, but an ounce of tobacco per week and the rheumatics for life. I beg your pardon also my lord, that my letter should be a little soiled by the soot. It must pass through the chimney pipe, for there is not any other way by which such letters may be forwarded. I must be very cautious as to the days when the sweeps arrive to clean the chimneys, in case they capture my despatch, and surrender it to the authorities. For then I should have to await years for an answer from your lordship,

wondering at the delay, but unable to guess the secret. I must inform you my lord, that I once ran away, but I forgot that I had left seven shillings and sixpence behind, and I, therefore, wrote to the authorities requesting them to send it to me at my address, giving them the place of my residence, but instead of sending the money they sent some attendants, to invite me back, and knowing that they could not go on well without me, I came back.

Now to accomplish my inventions I need the sum of forty-nine pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. I made the calculation comparatively, with the cost of the iron bars now afforded to us for our pleasurable contemplation. I must confess that since the iron bars are put up I have lost my appetite. It has caused me, and other great men here, a kind of palpitation, as one might experience who was suddenly removed from a palace to a workhouse, or a prison. Great grief has the fact of these bars being put to our windows caused. They are entirely unnecessary. They say they cost £2,500. The interest of that sum is £125 yearly; for that sum watchmen could be hired to guard the outside of the building, at the same time that the men inside were ordered to look after duties in a more vigorous manner. That is all. Iron bars will be of no use. Many persons are allowed to have files and rasps, at the same time that men are frequently running away from the field where they work.

I suppose it was only a pretext. Two burglars succeeded in escaping. They were workers, and therefore friends of the attendants, and the superintendent not wishing to accuse his subordinates of neglect, projected the plan of iron bars. I would make them a machine to prevent escapes for £15, instead of a expense of £2,500. Yes, my lord, the Liberals managed badly. I was always a Tory, a Conservative, and shall always be so. I think a Conservative Government to be the best, for the Conservatives are always afraid of the Liberals, and therefore endeavour to manifest Liberal ideas in their management. But the Liberals have nothing to fear from the Conservatives, and therefore their Liberalism sometimes limps. If your lordship believes

me, you will grant me forty-nine pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. My real address is Sir Peter Macadamnewton-wattlesseps, Esq., sleeping-room No. 16, Block No. 5.

Letter No. 8.—From Joan Serpents to Burglar Master.—My dear friend. I will seize the opportunity of forwarding to you once more a letter informing you of my situation. When I had knocked the eye out of that proud gentleman, the principle called me, said that he was very glad, but that he must lock me up for awhile, in order to show the doctor that he is a man of justice. I began to protest against this, because it was he, himself who had commissioned me to pursue the man, and to force him to go out of the Block. I recalled this to his mind. He answered “yes;” quite right, but I must do this to avoid suspicion, and when I have punished you the matter is finished, and you will remain in the Block. I will support you. It does not matter about being locked up. I will send you for dinner a pint of porter, and an extra pudding, you know! Listen to my advice; go and be locked up, for a while, and that will be all! “Agreed!” I said. “Thank you, sir.” The rest you know from the first letter.

I must communicate to you a story about another gentleman (?) named Pat Brimston. He was convicted when he was twelve years old for arson; when 14, for stealing; when 15, for the same; when 18, for housebreaking. Now he is a boy of 22. Educated in prison—a prison-bird. This is his account of his manner of appearing in our Paradise.

“After my last conviction he said, ‘I was sent to Millbank. It is a bad place, but there I was to stop for nine months, and thence sent to Portsmouth or other public works. Portsmouth, I was assured by a man who had been there was a hell upon earth, not on account of the severity of the labour, for though hard enough to a man who had not been accustomed to work, it was by no means excessive for a working-man; but on account of the conduct of the warders which was more like that of devils than men. Have you ever seen a picture of hell intended by the Russian priests for the purpose of frightening the Russian peasants into the paths of virtue. In it you may see two devils

dragging a sinner by his tongue (for using bad language). The unfortunate sinner lies upon his back. His tongue is stretched out two feet long. Another two devils are preparing beef steaks cut from the legs of another poor sinner. The third sinner is roasted in a lump by other devils, and so on. That will give you the idea of the state of the prisoners on public works, according to the statement of Bob Brien, who came back to Millbank after he had done his time, to be released. The warders are real devils, wicked, far, than we; vulgar, odious, impudent, feelingless, false, and cruel as tigers. The convicts are, in their eyes snakes, or worse than that. If a man is sick, he is not believed till he falls down, when a man gets cold, instead of being allowed to stay in a warm place, where a very little would suffice for his recovery, he is driven forth by the brutal warders—who do not report his case, in the winter's cold, badly dressed, and insufficiently nourished till he catches fever, and then there is ready for him a coffin and a grave! The greatest pleasure of the warders is to harass, and torment the prisoners endlessly. Bob looked like a skeleton, as thin as a skewer, his face was pale and flabby. There were protuberances upon his temples like fir-nuts. His eyes were sunken, and nearly closed. I considered the fact that he was all his life a working-man working laboriously in the coal-mines, and then I began to think, what would become of me, who have never done any kind of work except housebreaking. That person had made a bad impression on me. I became melancholy; but another prisoner came to my assistance. His name was Ezzek. 'What is the matter that you are so melancholy?' he said to me. I do not think, said I, that there is much to make me look cheerful after the narrative I have from Brien. 'Ah,' said Ezzek, 'would you rather go to paradise than to hell?' 'What do you mean by paradise? I demanded. 'Do you mean me to die before going to Portsmouth? to commit suicide? 'No! No!' 'I know very well you will never get into paradise after death, your place then will be hell? you are wicked enough, I suppose?' 'I am, indeed!' I replied, what then? 'I mean,' said Ezzek, 'a paradise in this world! 'How so,' I demanded, 'how? I will show you how;

take this (giving me a earthen pan,) and put it on your head instead of a cap.' 'You make me laugh,' said I, 'but what do you mean, by this joke.' 'There is no joking in the matter,' he retorted, 'I am sorry for you, you are too weak for Portsmouth, it will be a hell for you; at all events your soul will soon be in hell and your body in the grave. I want to save you, and make you go to paradise in this life. Put the pot upon your head, and if the warder shall come to knock you down for such disrespectful conduct within the sacred precincts of Millbank, tell him that you will charge him to the Secretary of State with having robbed you of your uniform; and when he goes away, put it on your head again!' 'I cannot understand you,' said I, 'why should I induce warder to knock me down? and what has that to do with paradise? I will explain to you, my boy!' he answered. 'There is a Lunatic Asylum. It is from thence I have come now. I have been in another, before that, and altogether, with twelve-months in prison, I have been in eight years and eight months. I shall stay here four months, and then shall obtain my discharge, thus avoiding the cursed ticket of leave. That asylum, compared with Portsmouth is as paradise to hell.' Is there no work? I ask him, 'you can't be obliged to work there, but if you like to work, you will become a respectable gentleman; you will be petted, and you can go on in your own way. Do you like to fight gentlemen?' 'Oh, I like it very much!' I said, 'but the police always made me search them in dark corners.' In this paradise there are no police, only a few roughs nearly of the same description as ourselves, to look after the preservation of order, but they do not pay much attention to it. You may become their friend, do some work for them, because they are all of the laziest disposition, and then you will become master of the situation. There is some pleasure in sleeping in a big room, don't take a single room, and there is a chance of trafficking in stolen goods; trifles, certainly, but it will bring you in a few shillings and pence. Some attendants will sell your wares for you if you will procure them.* The food, to be sure, is worse than in a prison, but if

* Between the attendants there is some exception, but I speak of the majority.

you get some money you can amend that for yourself, and when you get into favour with the principal—you will get extra diet. There is, also, a billiard-table, and if you like you can play all day, not giving a quarter of an hour to any stupid to use it. If one should require it, you must give him a shove he will understand, at once, with whom he has to deal, and will never approach the billiard-table any more. Thus you will obtain it all to yourself and another pal. When the time of your sentence is nearly expired, you will ask to be sent back to prison. When the doctor shall ask you what was the reason of your being sent here, you will tell him you don't know. When he tells you that you were considered mad, you will still answer that you don't know. If he says that you were violent when beaten by the warders, say yes, you were; if he should tax you with having had fits, deny it, as you do not have them now, and so on. The doctor will know that you are an impostor, but will make the inquiries out of mere politeness. Your friends, the attendants, will report you as being sensible, and of the best character, and you will be sent back here to be released, without having to open an account with the cursed police. But, perhaps, you wish to go to public works, and obtain the mitigation—one fourth of your term? You are a fool if you do so; for, first of all, it is better to be in Paradise fourteen years, than in Hell five, where you risk losing your health and your life! and in the second place, you will lose only your mitigation,—the said mitigation being too dear a price to pay for your health. Look at Bob Brien—he has lost his health, and his sight, and has gained in lieu thereof, one year and nine months mitigation, with the additional pleasure of having to keep up his acquaintance with the police, by means of a ticket-of-leave, which is rather a ticket of death, for those cursed police will not allow him to live. You will not be able to lead an honest life, you must steal again, and get into trouble again, therefore only a fool will go to public-works. Take the pot, I tell you, and make a commencement, and I will show you afterwards how to go on.' 'But the doctor will see through the matter,' I remonstrated. 'Nonsense!' replied Ezzek, 'in the old times the

disease of madness was considered to be the devil's work, and men obtained the help of witchcraft to cure it, But superstition is not the fashion now-a-days, and madness is considered to be a disease; doctors pretend to be psychologists, and to cure it by physic. It is all gammon. Take the steps, I advise you, and you will soon be convinced that I am speaking the truth. Put the pot upon your head, and when the warder comes you must pick your oakum more earnestly than ever, and when he takes it off and pushes you, do not fight, I will tell you when to do that.' I took his advice. The warder came furiously to me, pushed me down from the bench, and tore away the pot, crying—'do you know where you are?—you rascal' Inspiration came to my assistance. 'I am in my own barracks, of the Fifteenth Fusiliers,' I answered. 'Do you not know that I am the commander-in-chief here!—Why do you break the discipline, private? I will order the warder to arrest you.' The warder stared at me, in the attitude of a man who has taken a pinch of snuff, and wants to sneeze; but he said not a word, and walked away. 'Bravissimo!' cried Ezzek, 'the first act was played well. I see that you are an intelligent pupil. Put the pan on again!' I did so. The warder came again. He did not push me down as before, but took the pot up quietly, saying 'what is the matter with you—are you sick?' 'Attention,' I cried, 'to your commander-in-chief, or else I will punish you severely.' He took the pan with him, and standing at the writing-table, wrote something, and went out. Presently he returned with the principal, and whispering to his superior, the warder pointed to me. I stood up, and, in a commanding tone, said, 'sergeant, arrest that man (pointing to the warder) immediately. He must be brought before a court-martial. He has broken the discipline.' The principal started also. 'Did you hear what I said,' I shouted angrily. 'Well, colonel,' he replied smilingly, 'I will obey your command;' and they both went away. In about a quarter-of-a-hour the governor, the deputy-governor, the chief-warder, and the two doctors came in, and stood in a circle round me. The doctor feels my pulse, opened my eyes with his finger, felt my ears, and then asked the

warder if I took my food. The warder answered in the affirmative. 'Take him to the infirmary,' said the doctor. I was taken to the infirmary, in which were six other prisoners, seeming madmen. One was tied by straps to his bed, hands and feet, and was preaching the gospel. Another was sitting in the corner with his hands folded, not saying a word, but crying nearly all day. The third was braying like a donkey. The fourth was attempting to dance, but was stopped in each attempt, by being pushed back upon his bed; he was scolding, and trying again to rise, but was again pushed back. One more was talking morality to the wall, and the sixth was reading the Bible aloud. I sat upon my bed considering the conduct of my neighbours, and wondering which of all the six methods I should employ in order to baffle the doctors. Ezzek was not there, and therefore I was without a mentor. I resolved, first of all, to follow the example of my neighbour, who was as silent as a mackerel, but who looked really mad. So passed away the first day. I did not answer any questions addressed to me by the warders, principal, or doctors, merely smiling as my neighbour did. His name was Kolbert; but he was eating scarcely anything, and that was a character I did not like. I possessed the most ravenous appetite, and if to starve oneself is a recognised character which the doctors call symptom of insanity, thought I, I shall not be able to play the game out. But next morning the matter was simplified. I beheld the man who was talking to the wall, the day before, guzzling and swilling like a pig, without being at all annoyed by the warders, although he was considered to be in a state of extreme madness. This somewhat comforted me, that, according to the so called by doctors psychology of the place, a man to be a madman need not be a faster, and that the designation of insanity is not loss of appetite. Thus I was comforted, for, indeed, if the psychologist had laid it down as a rule that a man to be really mad must cease to eat, I should not have been able to hold out three days. At eleven o'clock the doctor appeared, to visit the room. 'Attention!' the warder cried out, and all the madmen, with the exception of Kolbert, rose as

a mark of respect. Kolbert, however, remained as he was, with his arms folded. I, observing this, did the same. The doctor came first to me. 'Why did you not rise when I first entered?' he demanded.—I laughed, but did not answer. 'Do you want anything?' he asked.—'Yes!' I replied, 'I want my uniform, my general's cap, and my horse.' 'Where are they all?' asked the doctor.—'In the barracks of the Fifteenth Fusiliers,' I replied. The doctor began again to finger my eyes and my ears; and touching my hair, he went away, without speaking with Kolbert or with Frome. It seemed as if their cases were decided upon. The preacher was preaching, and the donkey-man was going on with his performances less vigorously than in presence of the doctor.

This room was a veritable hell all day long. The warders were trying the whole time to annoy the men in every conceivable way. The men were fighting, and the warders were putting them in strait-jackets, or in dark-holes for punishment all day long—from early morning till bed-time.—The auditory view of a betting-house for boxing, or a noisy, rackety, tipsy horse-fair. At last I myself, got fighting, annoyed by the warders, and was several times put in the strait-jacket. But very soon I and Kolbert and Frome were removed to the paradise, where I am now enjoying myself in company with you Serpents. I am in the same block with Kolbert. He is hopelessly mad; but in the court I meet Frome. 'Ah!' I cried, 'how are you, my friend?'—'Thank you!' he replies, 'very well.' 'Are you as mad as ever?' I demanded.—'Nonsense!' he cries; 'this is not the place to be mad!'

Thus, my dear Burglarmaster takes into consideration all I have communicated to you; if you should be apprehended by the cursed police, try to come here, to my paradise. A clever man was he who projected the system. I hope that very soon all the prisoners on public works will be transferred to lunatic asylums, for want of room in this paradise. I hope some more will be established here. Many stupid fellows allow themselves to be forced upon public works, but very soon civilisation, progress, of which the gentlemen in the Upper and Lower Houses prate so

much, will, thanks to many more like Ezzek, enlighten our brethren, and instead of judges in the courts they will put doctors, who know no more of the matter than the judges; but who write learned works upon the subject, and people buy the books, and all are content with the progress of science!—But I and Brimstone, and Frome, and thousands in the future will enjoy the blessings of this paradise, thanking the star of diagnosis of insanity of the learned gentleman, and the psychologists. I am, your friend.

Letter 8.—From a “pleasure man” named Cotton, to his sister.

My dear Sister,—I thank you for your information. The superintendent brought me the letter opened, which caused me much pain, because the result of that will be that you will receive no more letters from me; for the last letter I sent you was conveyed to you clandestinely.

I have suffered eleven years here. Ten of them I considered myself, and am so considered by honest men, fully sensible. I remember everything of my past life, except the lamentable action which brought me to this place. That appears to me as a horrible dream. I can remember nothing of that terrible event.

It was, I must believe, a temporary attack of fever, and nothing more. But my mind must be a very strong one not to have yielded to the pressure of circumstances here. To be ten years tied up with madmen. Treated harshly, not only condemned, but degraded to the position of an animal. Under the care of men who have but little tenderness for a patient, no more than for a mad dog. Notwithstanding that the patient is as sensible as he, and much more honest. Many of the patients were recovered after a year or two, going on perfectly sensibly, but afterwards coming to consider their situation under the present system, they sank into despair, and many of them was mad again, only because they were kept without hope. There is no doubt that six out of ten of the men, if released at the time of their recovery, would remain perfectly sensible all the rest of their lives. But

there are many patients here, who, for not only two years, but ten years, have exhibited no tokens whatever of insanity, and yet they are detained. Is this not tyranny? Lord Cairns in his speech compared the keeping of sensible men together with madmen, to the binding a living man with a dead corpse; and if you add to that the prison discipline, the despotic treatment, the despised existence, the oppression of keeping back the correspondence of the patients with anybody, if there is in the letter a word expressing the bitterness of your position; the reading the letters addressed to us from friend or relation, all family secrets, which are sacred to all mankind, the deprivation of every human pleasure, the sameness of food (of the most suspicious character), and the feeling in the man's mind that he has not been guilty of the commission of crime, and that the jury have so declared, it is not surprising—in view of all this—that a man should again succumb to disturbances of the mind, and should finish his life in that state, although at one time he might have been saved!

I have received no answer whatever, to the numerous letters which I have written to the officers of the regiment in which I have suffered for, and served my country so many years with esteem and credit; and, as you know I have been informed that not one of them has reached the hands of those to whom they are addressed. The matter is very simple. The superintendent here has uncontrolled power, like a Turkish Pasha, and having many reasons for not wishing sensible men should narrate to the people outside all the ugly doings of the place, he is secure only when he takes means to prevent sensible men from writing upon the matter to their friends, and also to detain the sensible men themselves, with the same object. By giving to men generally the power to do as I have described, the means of plying every art of legal thieving are put into their hands, and they are enabled to act with a quiet conscience. His only anxiety is to stifle the sense of the patient, to cut off the communications, and so to keep the government and the people groping about, like Guy Fawkes, in the dark, as to the existence of the lunatic asylum.

It seems as if society washed its hands of all cases of insanity,

giving it up entirely into the hands of the doctors, and they are swindling in the matter like the adepts in the supposed investigation into the philosopher's stone. Doctors pretend to psychological knowledge, while they are but children in the science of plain physical life. How, then, can they be trusted to solve the hypothesis of mental disturbance, the mystery of mind? Before man can attain to that knowledge, he must first of all reach the understanding of the phenomena of human life. Therefore a doctor cannot pretend to discover the disturbance of a man's mind by any other means than those used by ordinary mortals. A doctor of medicine has no better means of discovering mental affliction than a veterinary surgeon. For them, as well as for other mortals, the only way to discover the malady of insanity is by conversation with the patient. But if it be a question whether the man is simulating madness or not, then the skill of the doctors is of no more avail than the common sense of twelve tailors or twelve shoemakers in the jury-box. The doctors feel the pulse, but it is known that the pulse of a madman beats like that of a sane mortal, and depends upon the same conditions; for instance, when he is hungry, angry, or excited, whether he remains quiet, or leaps about, and so on, there will be a corresponding change in the pulse.

The doctor looks at the tongue, but if it remains silent, the colour or cleanliness of it will not aid the doctor in the least to penetrate the fact of the man's insanity. The mystery of the solar system was discovered when the telescope was invented, so the mystery of life will be penetrated when a similar instrument shall have been discovered applicable to its solution. But the only instrument known by the doctors is the tongue, their own tongue, and that of the man under examination. If the man wish to be considered mad, the doctors will be baffled and duped by him, as easily as doctors of theology, or doctors of spiritualism, even "Hume" himself.

But doctors will write books about insanity pretending to penetrate the mystery of mind, and of obscure forms of insanity, although it is no more in their province than in that of black-

smiths. The difference between the modern idea of insanity, and that of the middle ages, is that in the past ages physicians and surgeons declared that the symptoms and cure of insanity did not appertain to their art, that madness itself was a mystery to them, because they had studied only the physical nature of animals, and not the work of the devil in them ; and that, therefore, they understood the mystery neither literally nor metaphorically. At that time existed another set of swindlers, who professed to drive the evil spirit out of man, namely, wizards, witches, and magicians, who cured the patients by means of charms, spells, and incantations. But now-a-days, medicine, the science of materialism, pretends to have the power of penetrating the secret of the mind, and the more profound mysteries of its disturbance, as well as all its capacities, and characteristics which the Almighty Creator has hid from us, finding it, doubtless, better for the human race that man should not be able to go too far, as he is always inclined to abuse power, and condemn right, even in that little sphere of knowledge which he has bestowed upon him, and they know no more than witchcraft.

I remember the speech of Lord Westbury in 1860, about the book of an eminent doctor.

“ I must now read to you,” said the noble lord, “ a passage from the new book, appearing from the pen of a modern authority upon the diagnosis of insanity.” “ Insanity,” says the learned doctor, “ stamps upon the features a remarkable degree of ugliness, to cover which the patients assume a smile, especially the women. The prognostics of insanity are, bristly hair, shrivelled ears, and diseased knuckles. Have you ever heard similar nonsense from the mouth of science ? ” the noble lord concluded.

I, in my ten years of life in a madhouse have come to the conclusion that if every man who spoke nonsense were brought before doctors of medicine, the third part of the whole world would be shut in lunatic asylums. While the doctors have no other means for discovering insanity but the tongue of the pretender himself, the whole of England would be declared insane ; and on the other hand, if a certain sum of money were promised to every

lunatic convict who became sensible, 60 per cent. of the whole number would immediately recover.

Surely the hypothesis cannot safely be resolved by natural science, unless philosophy proper, say the philosophy of the self-interest of the man in question, will give his sanction to it. On the other hand, how is it with the man who does not wish to be considered mad, and who is not mad, but whom the doctors have an interest in declaring mad? Why?

Everyone who has had an opportunity for observation in a madhouse, will join in recording a protest against the false assumption that all are mad whom the doctors consider to be so. There are so many instances in proof of the truth of my opinion as Serpents, Brimstone, or Frome's, and other convicts, inmates of that asylum who are voluntarily making a joke of the psychology of the doctors.

There is another person here who writes a book which, we hope, will clear the cloud from the phenomenon. It will raise the cloud of the enveloped mystery, the curtain which hides all from the gaze of those without, kept closed by the Bonzes who hate the sunshine. And is by men given over to the hands of trickery and deception, or to the will of one person. How much the authorities are disgusted by, and afraid of the correspondence of patients you will understand from the following event:—

A patient was corresponding with a friend who was a barrister, and as his letters were all sensible, while he was reported by the doctor to be insane, they attracted the doctor's notice; but what was he to do? how break off the correspondence? He kept back the patient's letters, but at once the barrister came to see his friend. The superintendent apologised to him, confessing that he had not sent many letters addressed to him by the patient, because the receipt of answers thereto disturbed the patient's mind, that after every letter he slept not a night, but remained awake, talking and singing. He therefore begged the barrister to apologise to the patient for not having answered his letters, and [to make the excuse he had been to busy; because, the doctor explained, if you tell him the truth you will disturb his mind still more. He

was nearly recovered, but since he began such an extensive correspondence, he talks and sings at night. Thus the doctor succeeded in breaking off the correspondence, which was really the only comfort of the patient, who was fully sensible, but was reported by the warder as "improving" only; "improving" is known here to be a term applied to men who are perfectly sane, so that if it should be proved afterwards that the man was sensible, the doctor would be in the right. "Yesterday, he was, on the whole, very much improved, and I do not wonder that to-day he is all right," the doctor would say, and would be all right also.

"A PLEASURE MAN," CH.

Letter 9.—From Jack O'Birdon to his father.

Dear Father,—I must inform you that I am suffering awfully here. The principal is a pig! No, no! I mean a dog. He does not like me in his block, for when he vexes me, I always abuse him. Once he came and took me by the collar, and strove to push me out of the room, I scratched his face, but that was what he wanted, and he charged me to the doctor, whereupon I was shifted to No. 6. Block. What sort of a place is it? Hell! in the full sense of the word. Heaven over your head, and earth under your feet that is all you can see. There they treat you like wild beasts, there I was six weeks, and got sick. I was taken to an infirmary, afterwards I was placed in No. 3 Block. There a patient hurt me with a knife on the face. That patient was a pirate, and before that asylum he was in another, where he had bitten off a man's ear, but notwithstanding his violent character, he is petted here more than anywhere else. There is a person here who has travelled everywhere, and he says that such a monster as that man he has never seen. "I have seen," said he, "a great many scoundrels, and a remarkable collection of ruffians. I have looked at the faces in the Bagne of Civita Vecchia, which seemed to belong to a mixture of a low demon and a hyena, with all the variations and shades arising from difference of climate, of race, and of tendencies to crime. At Leghorn, Toulon, Dartmoor and Nertchinsk. I have seen the chopped-off heads of Greeks,

Turks, and Neapolitan Brigands, none of which are pleasant to look at. I fancied I had seen men's faces at their worst, and that there was not to be found a fiend whose portrait I had not already viewed, and I declare that all the infernal devils I have ever beheld in various places of penal servitude, and on various scaffolds about Europe and Asia, looked like innocence compared to that hideous hound's face. I shrank from him as though he were a serpent, or a pestilential carcase. His face bewilders me, and I hope everybody." Thus said an educated person of good character, and I, though a simple man, feel the same antipathy towards him. But the principal is on the most familiar terms with him, and there is not a monstrous lie in the world which the principal is not ready to tell in support of this monstrous rough before the superintendent. The matter is, I think, that he reports all he sees and hears to the authorities, and also he is a barber, and is protected by the authorities and attendants, to the annoyance of all quiet men who are obliged to live with him in the same block.

Oh, dear father, awful is the place where no rules, no truth, no right exists! The place is as if given into the hands of devils. Lies of every kind, false reports of the principals to the superintendents, and of the superintendents to the higher authorities, founded on the first is the rule of the place. For an honest man it is a real hell, but for roughs, burglars, and pirates, it is a paradise. They make it their home, such a home as they have never had before; every ugly crime is covered with the privilege of insanity, while they have never been mad but always bad.

Why, my dear Father have you not answered my six letters. Have you had them? I doubt it.

Letter 10.—From Paul Moss to his brother.—Dear brother—more than nine years have elapsed since I was ordered to be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure, say for life. The Queen knew no more of me then, than she does now. She was not aware even of my existence. This is the only country in the world where such gammon takes effect. Can the Queen, who

did not imprison me, think about me? Who, then, will make her please to release me? The Home Secretary, also, knows nothing of me. The only person who knows that I am sensible is the superintendent, but he has a system for detaining men for life. The other two doctors also know the fact, but it is so established that they have no voice in the matter, or if they have perhaps some authority, they dare not give any opinion, because the power of the superintendent is absolute as that of a Turkish Pasha. When I consider the hopeless position of myself and others caused by such a system, and occurring in England, my hair stands on end like the quills upon the fretful porcupine. Despair takes possession of me, when I remember that the words, "Queen's pleasure," is as false as the reports of the superintendent about my insanity, and as the whole system altogether.*

In our happy country a maxim exists that "the sovereign can do no wrong!" Well, but she has no power to do good either! Is the Home Secretary less liable to go wrong than the sovereign? Such a constitution, instead of one sovereign, creates twelve, in the persons of the Cabinet Ministers. The Queen has no power, but every one of the Ministers has too much power. The difference is for the worse, because a sovereign is more impartial, more desirous of the love of her people, while a minister, with such absolute power, does not care a pin about the love of the people. During the time that I have been sensible, I have written six petitions to the Secretary of State, you have written three, and the answer is always the same, "The Home Secretary has no reasons to induce him to comply with your request!" I can understand that answer to me; he did not consider it necessary to talk to me of the real reason of his refusal, for doubtless I am reported to be insane. But why should not the Home Secretary give his reasons to the relations and friends of the man whom he is detaining. Such uncontrolled power has no parallel even in Turkey. In the so-called barbarous country, Russia, a minister refusing a petition is obliged to give his reasons for refusal,

* The Author again begs to call attention to the advertisement at the commencement.

and the petitioner has the right of charging him before the senate, which body, if it find the reasons not sufficient, may compel the minister to change the resolution he has taken; while in England the minister has the despotic power of the Sultan of Turkey. Is this a free land, having the right to call other nations barbarian, and to mock at their constitutions? Is it not barbarous to keep a man for life, for his misfortune in being, perhaps, stricken with delirium in fever, or to give up thousands of men to the absolute power of one man, because he is a doctor, an authority? What is an authority? Is it a man in whom the crowd believe without proof, and the government without analysing his acts. In this way the government of England has created in England a little Abyssinia, with a Theodore in the place of this her asylum, with its superintendent. I hope that passing through the whole universe such a strange phenomenon will not appear, and yet we call ourselves the possessors of the most perfect constitution. There are very many strange rules and bad laws in our happy island, but the asylum of Bela, is a shameful station—a wound in our administration. A man in this place is the martyr of our land. (I do not mean convicts, among them there are some really unfortunate men, some even innocently convicted, which is the cause of their insanity; but the greater part, are roughs, men of prison education, from their infancy, or burglars of the most atrocious description and nature. They are nearly all impostors, and live here upon the best, keeping even the authorities in check. Having finished their time, they go for a month or two to prison to be released, or to a county asylum, wherein they will not be kept more than a month.)

“Pleasure men” are the most unhappy here. The shameful system of giving so much power to one man, the power of life and death turns the superintendent’s head, and there is no barrier to their caprices. Injustice, want of classification, absence of truth, cruelty, and contempt of most of the regulations. From the superintendent down to the last attendant, all are convinced that they are the planters, and the patients the negroes—if not worse; for even for negroes there are some laws, while here the

only rule is the superintendent. All the means afforded by the law for the relief of the patients are stuff—mockeries, as the greatest of them is the visit of the commissioners once a year! And here the testimony of the patients has no effect upon the minds of the commissioners while implicit reliance is placed upon the words of the authorities. The fencing match is unequal with such cunning professional gladiators on the other side. There is no rule but force, and the endeavour of the superintendent is to obscure the sober sense, of the patients, and thus the commissioners are like groping in the dark. The game of the colleagues is (I do not mean the doctors, who have no power at all, but the principals and attendants) to ply every art of legal thieving with a quiet conscience. The visit of the commissioners is a legal form, and the patients are legal martyrs. So all is legal and right here under the protection of secrecy.

There are three rules of the most logical nature according to the spirit in which they are carried out. But the college of B.C.L.A. keeps those rules stringently, as a mark for the most solemn trickery. The rules are—1, To endeavour to occupy the patients, physically and mentally, for the benefit of their health. 2, Letters addressed to the friends and relations of the patients shall be examined, so that they shall not contain bad or offensive language. 3, Letters to the patients may be opened so as to prevent money and stamps from passing into their hands, (but the letters must not be read by the authorities). Now the first rule serves as a means for an entirely different purpose—a purpose more useful than the health of the patients. The object is mercantile, making economy for the use of somebody—anybody save the Government Treasury, and frequently at the expense of the patient's health. There are kinds of work which bring on rheumatics, eye disease, fever, and even consumption. There are days which are considered too hot even for the patients to walk out, but are not considered too hot for the patients to work in the gardens with sick brains. It is a little anomaly, but it is all right here, where all is *vice versa*, because of self-interest, which, indeed, is no trifling one, considering that the work of one hundred men

each day would cost £15 if free workmen had to be paid to perform the labour executed for nothing, or next to nothing, by one hundred and fifty patients, who at the most receive a pennyworth each as recompense. Who benefits by this work? the patients—in health and strength.—Not so! The Treasury of the Government?—No! To whom then does the benefit accrue? This question I can't answer. With respect to the 2nd rule, that of opening the letters of patients, the superintendent performs this duty in a most pedantic way; perhaps it is the heaviest part of his labour, and it would be a good thing for the patients if he were delivered from that trouble. His anxiety is, not that bad words shall not be used, but that bad accounts of the place shall not be rendered: in the latter case the letter will not see the bag of the postman. Does not the superintendent eagerly perform this part of his labour, like the most industrious functionary even of the Inquisition? The 3rd rule is performed, also, with the utmost care; by it letters are opened with a view to prevent money and other valuables enclosed, from passing into the patients hands.—That is lawful enough, but it is done before the receiver sees it, and not in his presence; it is sent to him already examined, not with a view to take charge of the money therein, but with the object of discovering any clandestine correspondence. No outrage can be comparable to that of having your family secrets read by others. So the law is satisfied, and the superintendent is still more satisfied, and secured from popular opinion, the expression of which would result in the withdrawal from him of his present despotic power.

From your letter I gather that I am still reported to be insane, and so are many men fully as sensible as I am, as you know very well. Why? The superintendent has his own view about it, besides his own profit therein, and the means for it in the irresponsible power confided to him. He leaves the game in the hands of the principals. A man coming here must leave behind his passions, wishes, and ambition with the principal to be bottled up and secured in a safe place where the owner of those goods, so unusual in a place of this kind, shall never find them. He must

forget all the natural gifts bestowed upon him by his Creator. He must become humble like an ass, patient as a bullock, dumb as a herring, calm when outraged, unmoved by injustice and cruelty, as though he were no man at all, or he will be tortured, vexed, pushed and beaten, and reported mad all his life. Grumbling, making complaints, writing letters to the doctors, reporting the unjust acts of the attendants, and especially complaining to the commissioners will be always punished. Not exactly on the score of those offences, but another pretext will be found, and the man will be shifted to No. 6, or No. 1, and placed with the most violent and hopeless lunatics, and where it is worse than any prison in the whole world. What does it matter about the visits of the commissioners once a year to us?—forgotten by all men, given over to the discretion of one person, and generally perhaps persons of doubtful character! Doubtless the commissioners would do their duty, but they are not in a position to know about the matter, nor about the sufferings of the patients—namely not of a violent character.

I am sunk in despair, and fear that I shall go mad again. Here are men who are disposed to relapses of insanity, but those patients are never sane more than a year, or fifteen months. It is a fact that when the sickness of the brain is not perfectly cured the relapse will occur before two years. We have remarked that if a patient here is sensible for two consecutive years, he will never relapse. Thus there are many here who have been ten or fifteen years perfectly sane. That phenomenon seems to indicate that between temporary affection of the brain and real mania the difference is, that the first never relapses, and the second is not secure for two years. Now, the doctors, though they are well acquainted with this fact will not make it known to people. It is a fact for themselves alone, as the facts of science in China are kept for the upper classes, not to be communicated to the mob, as magic in Egypt was vigorously confined to the scientific Council of Pharaoh. The secret would soon be discovered, if a society on the plan of the “Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals” were to be formed for “the Prevention of Ill-usage

to Lunatics," whose members should examine once a month the inmates of asylums, and keep a record of the result. The doctor's trickery would cease to be successful, the third part of the patients would be liberated—to the victory of humanity, the delight of families, and the diminution of the treasury expenses. Hope springs eternal in the human breast; a man convicted for life does not lose his hope of being released in twenty years; but if there is anything more terrible than penal servitude for life, it is for a sane man to be shut up in a lunatic asylum, with madmen for companions—a most miserable life, worse than in prison, and under the false and vexatious dominion of the attendants, and the despotism of the superior authorities.

In the prison a convict can demand to be brought before the governor at any time; before the director once a week. But here the superintendent] will not come to see you more than once a week if he does not wish, and seeing him even then will not help you. He will never make enquiries into the complaint of a patient. The commissioners come once a year. The men here are without protection, without hope;—dead. Carcasses thrown into a grave, and forgotten for ever by all. As men for the sake of vanity, adorn the coffin with velvet and gold, so the asylum is adorned, and garnished, outside and in. Neither helps a morsel to the comfort of the patients, any more than the gilded coffin gives to the carcase within it. The first is often but the symptoms of feigned love and respect of the heir for the deceased, the last but a false show of humanity; both are the last caliginous dwelling of mortals—the last perhaps worse than the first.

I will sketch for you a few scenes illustrative of the justice, humanity, and attention to the comfort of the patients here.

SCENE 1000.

OF TOUCHING PHILANTHROPY.

PATIENT (to Doctor). My shoe pinches me.

DOCTOR (to Principal). Do you think his shoe pinches him?

PRINCIPAL. Nonsense!

DOCTOR. Ah! (Walks away.)

SECOND DAY.

(The same patient coming to the door for a walk, in his slippers.)

ATTENDANT (to Patient). Where the devil are your boots ?

PATIENT. I can't wear them, I have got a sore place here.

(Pointing to his heel.)

ATTENDANT. I do not care.

PATIENT. You do not care ? of course not ! but I do !

ATTENDANT. Go back, and put on your boots.

PATIENT (goes back, using language that I have sought in vain in the dictionary).

SCENE 2000.

PATIENT (to Superintendent). That attendant pushed me from the table, where I was writing a letter, without saying a word to me, and merely to please his friend Serpent, a barber, because he wished to play cards on that table, although there is another yonder.

SUPERINTENDENT. You can write at the other table, indeed.

PATIENT. But can he not use it, rather than I, because it is too dark there to write, and, besides, I was already writing there ? Why was I pushed violently away ?

SUPERINTENDENT. Never mind, Mr. Pride, go and sit at the other table.

PATIENT. But that is not the question. Why push me violently from the table ? Why send me to a dark table to write, which is plenty light enough to play cards ?

SUPERINTENDENT. Never mind, Mr. Pride, never mind !

PATIENT. But I beg of you sir to warn that man that I will punish him with my own hand, if he assault me again, and my complaint is disregarded.

SUPERINTENDENT. Ho ! Ho ! Mr. Pride. I warn you that if you do so you will be shifted to a worse block. (Goes away.)

SCENE 5000.

PATIENT (a Spaniard, hopelessly insane), walking in the court. The attendant comes to him, takes him by the arm.

ATTENDANT. Waloto. Come and draw the waggon from the closet.

WALOTO (muttering). Voola po diablo! Voola po diablo!

ATTENDANT. Come along, Waloto! Come along!

WALOTO. Non, non, possumus; diablo!

ATTENDANT (going to the window, and speaking to the Principal). I do not know what has happened, Waloto refuses to go for the waggons.

PRINCIPAL (coming into the court, commandingly to Waloto). Waloto, go.

WALOTO (mutters something no one can understand).

PRINCIPAL (coming to Waloto and taking him by the collar). Come on, I tell you.

WALOTO (kicking him). Non, non, diablo.

The principal orders him to be dragged along. Waloto sits down upon the ground, two attendants drag him by the hands over the stones to the closet, compelling him to work for his health, according to the rules, and if he does not like such work, no matter, he is mad!

SCENE 6000.

JACK KETTLEBAG finds it too hot (80 deg.), in the rude cloth jacket that was only intended to keep out the winter cold, and he therefore presumes to take it off. The principal comes.

PRINCIPAL. Jack, put on your jacket.

JACK. I can't bear the heat.

PRINCIPAL. I don't care, put it on!

JACK. I can't bear it, it is too hot.

PRINCIPAL (takes the jacket, and calling an attendant, begins to put it on by force. Jack kicks, he is thrown to the floor, two men mount upon him. He struggles, but the jacket is put on).

JACK. Curse you, and the — asylum. You're a humbug.

PRINCIPAL (pushing him). Silence! I tell you.

JACK (pushing the Principal). You're a — rogue.

PRINCIPAL (to the Attendants). Lock him up in the dark.

(The attendants coming to take him, he scratches the face of one, but is locked up. That evening the superintendent comes.)

PRINCIPAL (to the Superintendent). Kettlebag is locked up.

SUPERINTENDENT. What was the matter?

PRINCIPAL. He scratched an attendant's face.

SUPERINTENDENT. Why did he do so?

PRINCIPAL. I ordered the attendant to prevent him from destroying his clothes, and he scratched the man's face.

SUPERINTENDENT. Keep him locked up till evening.

PRINCIPAL. He has not eaten his dinner!

SUPERINTENDENT. He will eat it for supper.

SCENE 9999.

A patient named Burdon is taken to the infirmary on account of his sickness.

PATIENT. The mutton is raw, I cannot eat it.

ATTENDANT. Nonsense!

PATIENT. It is you who are talking ---- nonsense, not I.

ATTENDANT. Keep your tongue quiet!

PATIENT. Keep your tongue quiet. I am hungry. What shall I have for dinner in this — asylum?

ATTENDANT. Eat the potatoes.

PATIENT. They are only fit for pigs. They are completely rotten.

ATTENDANT. Bless your stars that you have them, you are such a lazy fellow, that outside you would not get even that.

PATIENT. What? You're a —— rogue yourself.

PRINCIPAL (entering). Burdon, If you use such bad language I must lock you up!

PATIENT. I will use bad language when I can get nothing to eat.

PRINCIPAL. Eat your dinner and keep quiet, or else I will make you hold your tongue.

PATIENT. You will make me hold my tongue? I will make you hold your —— tongue.

PRINCIPAL (to Attendant). Lock him up. (The attendant catches him by the collar, and attempts to drag him to the dark room. Patient struggles, another attendant comes to help, and catches him by the hand, by which means they dislocate his arm. Patient faints. They sprinkle him with water, and put him to bed, but he groans, complaining that his arm is broken, and demands that the doctor shall come; but he is obliged to wait till the doctor's regular visits. By-and-bye the doctor comes into the room of the principal.)

PRINCIPAL. Burdon was very violent to-day. He attacked the attendant, another came to his assistance. I went also, and ordered him to be locked up, but he struck the attendant, who was by the door, but his hand slipped and struck the door. He complains of his hand being injured.

DOCTOR. What was the cause of his violence?

PRINCIPAL. He supposed his dinner to be raw.

DOCTOR. Was it raw?

PRINCIPAL. Imagination! Nonsense! (The doctor comes to the patient.)

SUPERINTENDENT. You have injured your arm. Let me see it.

PATIENT. It was not I who did it, but the — attendant! Ouy! ouy!

SUPERINTENDENT. Do not use bad language. Let me look at your hand. (Takes his hand.)

PATIENT (crying out). Oh, oh, oh!

SUPERINTENDENT. It is a bad job. Burdon, you have dislocated your hand.

PATIENT. It was not I, but the — brutes.

SUPERINTENDENT. You must not be violent, Burdon.

PATIENT. It is they who were violent, I did nothing wrong, but the meat was raw, and I told him I could not eat it. He abused me, and I abused him back. The principal ordered him to take me up, I would not go. They dragged me, and broke my arm. Oh, oh, oh!

SUPERINTENDENT. Be quiet. I will order you some pudding,

but now I must bandage your shoulder. The man's arm was put into splints for many months, but the attendants who had caused his sufferings, stopped in the paradise the Almighty had bestowed upon them, as though they had performed a meritorious action. The patient will recover before the arrival of the commissioners. It is more than ten months to that happy event, and so all will be right.

There is another victim here, in the person of a mad preacher, who is sent here because of his mad preaching, but the principal of No. is a hypocrite, who, under the guise of religion, carries on the devil's work, wishes to prevent the poor man from preaching in the courtyard, dragging him and torturing him on every occasion. The poor man suffers awfully, and every day grows worse and worse. Yes, the violence, despotism, and trickery of this place have no limits. No one would believe that such an autocracy could exist in England, but here it is in every deed and fact. The most blessed place here is the cemetery. Here is the only secure repose in all that ugly little world. I am sure that the men who die here will be free from hell in the future, because they have suffered enough here. There are no epitaphs here, not even names. The date of birth and death. No eulogy, as though the carcass here had never done any good, had never even been born. One epitaph peculiarly appropriate to that cemetery, I have found out in *Punch*, as follows :—

“ Stranger pass on ! The dust that moulders here,
Clothed neither captain, poet, prince, nor peer,
No nation fasted, feasted, laughed, or cried,
When this poor atom, like his neighbour's died.
Therefore pass on, nor pause to wonder why,
No name appears to say who here doth lie !
Be satisfied : Beneath yon blazing sun,
Amid a myriad mites this once was one.”

Is this not a phenomena worthy the pen of another Shakespeare. If he should appear in this happy island again ? That little world of *vice versa*, is it not a riddle of the most perplexing and entangled nature ? But what good will my letter do ? or the letters of others ? They will not reach your hands. It will be “ Calumen-

tum in Deserto." But why am I writing in this strain, and troubling myself without avail? It is because having no other amusement or comfort, I seek relief in pouring out my thoughts upon paper. The nature of mankind is prone to vengeance, but vengeance is limited by circumstances. I employ every means of revenge that I find in my power. Let the authorities themselves read it, and know that not one of their prisoners is ignorant of their tricks.

JUPITER. Can I believe all that I hear in the nineteenth century? But good Arachnida, can you tell me what was the fate of all these letters?

ARACHNIDA. I can give you some scenes in the office of the superintendent, and you will yourself consider the facts and consequences of the writings of these half childish people.

CHAPTER V.

SCENES IN THE OFFICE.

The Seized Diary of a Patient read in the Office, in the presence of the superintendent and the chief officer.

(Superintendent listens while it is read.)

“A QUESTION was put in the House of Commons concerning the late superintendent, and a doubt was thereby expressed as to whether he was a gentleman of modern views. The question was put in the interest of humanity, but the minister turned the question by pronouncing a panegyric upon the ability of the deceased public servant. A man may be a good physician if he have a good head; but to be superintendent in a place of this kind, requires a good heart. If he do not possess that by gift of nature, he cannot possibly obtain it in the universe, or by medical practice. If a chief does not possess the feelings of humanity, how can he expect them from his subordinates? I say this, not wishing to abuse a dead man. No; on the contrary, to excuse him. But it is one thing to write epitaphs on tombs, and another to write history. By reading the epitaphs on tombs, we find every man to be just. But history must speak truth, or it would be a corrupting charter for the rising generation. Thus to say something good of the dead, the Cabinet Minister declared that the Government had lost a good officer, but not a good medical superintendent of a lunatic asylum—a person who did not possess modern views, yet directed the place, of which he was chief, more than a *lustre* of years.* But what are old, and what are modern views? For instance, breaking ribs is not an illustration of modern views, nor is striking a patient on the head with a brush an instance of modern views. Both ope-

* We feel it our duty to state, however, that many people are fully persuaded that the late Superintendent was a man of integrity and principle, and incapable of the flagrant abuses ascribed to him; all the acts complained of being purely voluntary on the part of his helps, and without his knowledge.

rations also require practice. For instance, to break even ribs with secresy and despatch one requires to practise previously on several hundred others ; and to break through one head, it is necessary to perform previously upon several. Dragging a mad preacher by his legs from the top terrace to the bottom for preaching, so as to disturb the comfort of a gold-banded principal, and also similar treatment to other lunatics for walking on the grass—dragging madmen with violence to empty the wag-gons of the closet—robbing one patient of his diet in order to bestow it upon some favourite of the principal—striking, pushing every patient whom the principal may like to operate upon in that way, without attention to age, character, or previous condition of life—the announcement that to push and strike and rap everybody is a matter of his authority—all this and much more is, of course, not included in ‘modern views.’ Pass on to No. oo Block (because we do not wish to write of matters not witnessed by ourselves). To keep such men as Cor, Be, and Serpent, together with quiet and sensible men, petting the first and despising the latter—the first being the greatest roughs on the face of the earth. To shift a D. for the offence of bearing outrages from such a man as Serpent, merely because the latter is a barber, and the former was so stupid as to study medicine instead of blackguardism. To answer me when I charged a rough who was well known to be in the habit of outraging me every day in the same way as he had outraged the doctor. ‘I will shift you!’ and to encourage the ruffian so, that instead of using his tongue, he began to use his abominable hands. To keep me for a year in a dormitory replete with all that was repulsive and painful to an intelligent being, was a martyrdom in which they revelled and exulted!—All this does not appertain to modern views. That a principal should be so bold as to argue with a doctor about the diet of a sick man, and insist upon keeping a man whom he does not like, simply because he is not a rough, a half-year upon a diet injurious to his health, tapping playfully on the back, and saying the patient is plenty fat enough—in the presence of a medical officer.—This is not modern

views. That a patient always noble, always polite, never using bad language, never insulting any person, should be pushed about by an attendant, without any other view or motive, but to please his friend, a rough, but a barber, is not according to modern views. (I must confess that though I have never lifted my hand, even to strike a dog, I was many times so irritated that I was ready to break the head of the gold-banded flunky.) To provoke men of peaceably disposition so far as to make them strike, in self-defence, and then remove them to No. 6, is not according to modern views. Generally, a patient will never find himself righted if he charge an attendant, and that is not according to modern views; and it is that which leads to rib-breaking, sooner or later. That the superintendent should give more power generally to the chief attendant and principal than to the medical officer, is not according to modern views. That if the medical officer shall change the diet of a patient, the change shall not last longer than the life of a fly in a fly-trap, is not according to modern views. For if the principal does not like the favour to be continued, he can make a report to the superintendent, put a pencil into his superior's hands, and the favour is erased. To spend a thousand or more pounds in converting an asylum into a prison, by the adoption of iron bars, is not according to modern views. It seems that the commissioners appointed to carry out the project of the Government asylum found iron bars unsuitable or unnecessary. Which is true. Because to escape is impossible, if the roughs who are capable of making their escape could not secure the favour of the superintendents, by flattering them, and serving their interest by doing their work; and if, instead of spending money for bars, the superintendent should, on the first man escaping, discharge the principal and all the attendants in the block, the second accident would not happen. It is not possible to suppose that the superintendent has not considered so simple a matter, but such a system as he has inaugurated leads him to listen to the voices of his subordinates, and his views consequently become such that, instead of making the patient forget

that he is a prisoner, he tries in every way to make him feel that he is a wretched criminal. This is all right, but at the same time to be so careful of the money in his charge as to withhold a trifling sum to prevent the chimnies from smoking, and impairing the eyes and lungs of the poor patients, is certainly not according to modern views. It would also be wrong to include such practices in the category of old views, speaking politically, because such ideas bear only the stamp of false views—of the Inquisition. It would be wrong to consider that the only difference between old and modern views to consist in the discarding of strait-waistcoats. To one person the strait-waistcoat is not so injurious as to another—the moral strait-waistcoat in which he is confined—the contumely, injustice, and outrageous treatment. Breaking ribs mechanically, as it may happen, not continually, is less an abuse than breaking constantly the hearts of patients who possess their intellect; which causes, perhaps, more deaths than the breaking of ribs, with this difference, that the latter may be discovered after death, and the former remains in obscurity, during the mockery of submitting the bodies of madmen to a *post-mortem* examination. There is no trace of physical injury—consumption, phthisis, the bursting of the gall, tumor in the liver, cancer in the stomach, will be upon the tongue of the jurymen. ‘Natural causes;’ and they are indeed natural to the possession and treatment of patients; and if, as the Cabinet minister has given to understand, the difference between the commissioners and the directors of the asylum arose only upon the question of the treatment of the violent patients. We must understand that the commissioners are not familiar with the greater abuses of the place. That they are aware of the mechanical strait-jacket for violent lunatics, but know nothing of the moral strait-jacket placed upon harmless patients, by the pursuance of a false system, by means of which morality is debauched, and humanity derided. Using a strait-jacket, or not using it, cannot be called a “system.” It is only a small part of the consequences of a given system, which must be founded on a general dogma. A

system, is a combination of many things in regular dependence and order, co-operating to a definite object, and in (every philanthropic cause) having humanity as its animating principle. Classification of patients according to age, condition of life, character, degree, of disorder; humane and judicious attendants, and good treatment, are of more importance than the abolition of the strait-jacket. Justice and impartial satisfaction, and protection from outrage and vexation, are the chief characteristics of "modern views;" and after the superficial sketch I have given above, every one can assure himself that there is no system in the air of the governing of the asylum, and perhaps—the worst of all—old views—because humanity is there baptized in the devil's Jordan of false, and self-interest of the chief and the subordinate attendants; who are all sure, that the Government, in its gratitude to the English nation has established for them (but not for the comfort of lunatics) a little paradise, in which to do nothing, but enjoy the pleasure of Adam on earth! and in order to make it less irksome and tedious for them, has sent some very curious animals for their diversion and amusement, upon whom they may exercise despotism and cruelty. The animals are, indeed, amusing and facetious enough to complain of their sports and pastimes, and therefore their views, are very far indeed removed from the views of the Government and public interest. So it was from the beginning—so it is now, if not worse, and so will it ever be if the Government does not crush the system to the ground. But how has it happened that such a monstrous system, in a free land, should exist in our days? Who is the mother of all those evil children? There must be an idea or a dogma hid in obscurity, which is the goal pursued by the late superintendent—because he was not a simpleton—and also by the new chief. As there exists no rivers without springs, no wheel without an axle, so words have periphrases; and also in the depth of all mud, and in the mysteriously enveloped affairs of mankind there must be hidden causes, motives and grounds on which all the strange symptoms are founded; and as symptoms are only the consequences of the disease, by which the disease is

discovered, we will take the trouble of anatomising the body, and discover the source, and find out the Grand Llama, the dogma, the centre round about which all those chaotic and abusable courses of things were turning. And I venture to flatter myself with the assertion that I have not failed to exhibit that even the most trifling things, in the way of abuse, are standing on this foundation, and nourished by the same mother; and notwithstanding the varieties of effects, methods and manners, modes and tokens, it will be open to investigation that they are all the children of one mother, big or little, branches of the same tree, varieties of one theme, music of one certain *tempo*, and the sin of one, and always the same temptation. But what is the disease?—Where is the dogma hidden?—The idol of the paradise in the past! Who is the God—the creature of all these wrong? It is a word, and nothing more, we reply. It was a word; in the beginning the word had the spirit of the good God; but the word becomes the idol! the god of evils, by getting the spirit of the devil in the administration, and then all things were made by him, and without him “was made nothing that was made.” “In him was the evil, and the life, was the darkness of men, and the darkness clouded the light, and the light was not comprehended! and then we will be the man sent by God, no doubt, to suffer for his sin, though not for the sin ascribed to him now. The man is not that light, but is sent to bear witness of that darkness.” The word was “work.” (In the circular of instructions it is stated that light work may be encouraged as a matter useful for the health of the patients.) The spirit of it was health! The foundation—humanity. But the word became a devil. The spirit of the word was traitorously disfigured to evil. The spirit or health was transformed to the spirit of wealth. The fluid of humanity was transformed into a barrel of transgression, and made altogether a god, which all rulers and keepers were made to worship. Truth, justice, and order were offered up to the false god; and we must repeat that humanity was baptized in the devil’s Jordan of false and self-interest, and even the self-interest was but imagination; but from parables, we will pass to strict

explanation. That work for a man who is used to it, is good for his health, is, of course, an axiom. That the spirit of the word of the Government—"endeavouring to employ the patients in physical, and moral exercises" was not the spirit of mercantile affairs, but the spirit of philanthropy is the second axiom of course. It was for the preservation of health and nothing more. That the administration in Bcla was really mercantile in their making the men work with no other view, that is an axiom also. That if a man is used to work he will work voluntarily, and that if he is not used to it nothing can induce him to do so here—that is also a fact! Hence the word "making" men work (which has become the order of the day, and the chief thought day and night of superintendent, chief, and attendants—the insuperable passion of those rulers, in Bcla,) had, in reality, no place there; no sense at all in this phrase is likewise a fact. But notwithstanding that erring spirit became the god of the place—losing his real philanthropic meaning—going astray to the views of interest.

This can serve as a proof for rumination upon the strange mutability of human affairs;—to transfigure every good thing to evil. The word was good, but the method of carrying it out was productive of abuse. It swallowed the whole system of humanity or modern views, and became only the rash aim and object and goal of the administration. Every trace of order, justice, and pity is forgotten, trodden under foot, trampled upon by the god, "making" men work, but not explained as a means conducive to health, but a means of economy—not even political economy;—not of health, but of money. To that idol have the false prophets sacrificed all the most important matters in such a place, as classification, protection, impartially, and pity: the house becomes not a house of philanthropy, but a house of correction. It wanted some of the outward signs of a prison, or a workhouse, (as we have said before, it seemed to the commissioners appointed to carry out the project of the establishment of the asylum, that iron bars were unsuitable to its character). But the god-called "making" men work, has found out that these same iron bars as inculcating the spirit of a prison or a

workhouse, will materially assist him in carrying out his system of making men work, by making the madman forget that he is in an asylum, and inducing him to believe that he is in a prison—an idea easy to put in the head of a lunatic by iron bars—in the same way that our ancient father Jacob cheated his father-in-law—Laban—by setting up the peeled rods before the sheep, in order to make the flocks, conceiving, bring forth, (by means of the imagination) “offspring—ring-streaked, speckled, and spotted”; and if the iron bars were not exactly sufficient, the dress of the chief attendant, garnished with prison ornaments, was considered an additional necessity in order to impress the spirit of imprisonment upon the minds of the lunatics; being sure that they have found out the “philosopher’s stone” or the square of the circle—the secret for making men work. Alas! how great is the power of imagination, not only in madmen, but also in sober men. It is the false imagination of another false imagination, as we have said above. This idea of making “men work,” that is to say such men as have never worked, is chimerical, and to make men of the working class work is an unnecessary trick to that and serves rather in the negative way. But how can we always mark the self content of the motory authorities of circulation work with their own jobbing agitation and stirrings. We must repeat that, alas! the destiny of man is error! So the imagination of the leaders is, that they are the great geniuses in the art of making men work, and therefore the most meritorious of the servants of Her Majesty, and of Her most honourable Secretary of State; and the only merit they recognise in the patient is—work! The only way to avoid being despised is—work! For protection—work! For being in a block with patients of a superior class—work! For being petted and flattered—work!

After we have discovered the grand Llama of the place—the stirrer of all the stars, and the disease of the rulers, we shall not meet with any difficulty. To prove that all symptoms arise from it, how all the wheels of the watch of abuse are turning perpetually round the axle of work! and are kept in motion by the spring called “economy.” We will try now to solve the riddle

which the madman introduced about the solar system of that place as a single world, with a single sphere, and will sketch its system. "Economy" will represent the universe—the Creator of all stars and planets. "Job" is placed in the middle as the Pope's eye. The sun and eleven planets revolving round. Economy is the providence; and as providence is inaccessible to simple mortals, no animal can perceive his form, or shape, his power, his place, or his actings. He is the "terra incognita" of the sacrificing bonuses who preach in his name, turning every kind of holocaust upon his altar, sacrificing at the heathen temple all that is dear to the inhabitants of the little world. The sun called "Job" stands quietly shining, lighting and warming the priests only, but obscuring, darkening, and burning or cooling mortal inhabitants. The planets—1, is Tenderness to bad, but jobbing animals. 2, Contempt against non-jobbers. 3, Indulgence to jobbing. 4, Outraging non-jobbing. 5, Privilege to jobbing. 6, Robbing non-jobbers. 7, Protection to jobbing. 8, Oppression to non-jobbing. 9, Non-classification. 10, False reports against non-jobbing. 11, Salutation to non-jobbing. Such are the primary eleven planets. Thereafter comes the secondary eighteen planets, moving round the primaries, so called satellites, signifying the Life-guardsmen, but explained by "Urania," as one who follows and serves another; and as only four of the primary planets has satellites, and the ninth, Jupiter, has alone four of such satellites. They will be to Bcla, the Jupiter or non-classification, as 1, Superintendent. 2, Chief attendant. 3, Principals. 4, Simple attendants. The last three satellites have at once a revolution round the primary, and a revolution in company with the primary and round the sun, "Job." Each planet, and the sun also (as is known), has a motion in its own body, like that of a bobbin upon a spindle. An imaginary line, forming as it were the spindle of the sun, to denominate the axis, and which is in Bcla astronomy—the reward for the merit of "making men work." The air of the sphere of Bcla was to make the animals know that they were prisoners, and not forget they were wretched criminals, and only

the god of Bcla can forgive them their sin ; only a rotary motion or a jobber can obtain salvation. Now, as we hope we have drawn the sphere of the place according to our ability, in the learned style of Urania, the god of astronomers. In which all the astronomers of Bcla will comprehend us plainly, we will venture to explain the revolution in a popular way ; to seek out, or bring out in the shape in which everybody has learned logic, by putting exercises extracted from the full text of our Ridiculous Fancies, in the shape of why and because ? Why is there in reality no classification ? Because in the blocks were quiet and good men were kept, are needed "jobbers," and scrubbers, and scratchers of faces. Ah ! "never mind," answer the self-interested attendant, "A man who works must be kept where he likes."

Why has a chief and even a gold band attendant more power and authority than the medical officer ? Because an attendant is planting (no matter by what means), "Job-economy," and a physician costly expenses. Why (speaking in the Bcla dialect), can a rough insult whom he likes, going on in the deformed way of his nature, not only without any risk of being shifted, but with the assurance that the person whom he insults will be shifted instead ? Because of encouraging "job," that people should behold that job is the only merit for obtaining the protection of Mercury. Why does the superintendent allow to the attendants every kind of ugly, unbecoming, and inhuman injustice, despotic, and perfectly deformed actions contrary to rules (if there are any rules) ? Because attendants are familiar with the disfigured system of the superintendent himself, and if a man goes himself astray from the right way of philanthropy in such a place, he must fear everybody, and must show tolerance to the ugly acts of his subordinates. Why entrust a sharp pair of scissors to a man like Serpent, when, in the meantime, it is considered dangerous to entrust a steel pen (even his own) to a quiet man ? Because of encouraging job ! but a Serpent is able to make with scissors another job. Never mind ! He brings job, let him effect a bad job if he like. There will be no evidence of a crime. It is said that the superintendent dismissing an attendant for his useless-

ness (it is not known what kind of uselessness, whether too good or too bad), gives him a reward of twenty pounds sterling (a reward for usefulness). Why reward him? Because otherwise he would have drawn the dust out of the Chinese wells of Bcla.

Yonder are the questions. Why is one forced to sleep in a company he is not fit for, according to their modern Persian views? Because single rooms are only for the comfort of jobbers, and poor D. S., an educated unfortunate man is not. Why should this poor man be insulted by a Serpent, and then shifted, because he charges his enemy with insulting him? Why should men, who have never been observed giving a blaming word to anyone, be pushed and dragged and insulted, struck, falsely reported, and so on? Because of the dogma, "make men work." In short, wherever we turn, or whichever way we turn our regards, it becomes perfectly clear, that the only idea of the regulation, the only anxious endeavour, the goal wished for, the merit to be considered is, job, and his god or creature, the *terra incognita*, "economy." Philanthropy, humanity, and justice, are offered up to the idol, burned and sacrificed to the "devil's work" of interest. The angel, the good spirit of encouraging work so as to preserve health, was transformed to the shape of the devil's spirit, called "Mercantile," an idea of making work, passionately, eagerly, deludingly, and blindly pursued, beginning from the superintendent to the last attendant. We may, perhaps, extort a smile by saying that a madman considered the whole administration monomaniacs, being perfectly sane on every point but one, and that this delusion arose, and derives its nourishment from the nature of their ailments; to pass in the small footpaths of egotism. The Government would not any longer encourage such economy, obtained at the expense of the comfort, health, and life of the patients. If it was considered until now a merit in a superintendent to give the Treasury the fruits of such economy, it was because the Treasury itself is so dumb as not to declare how sweet such economy is to its taste, and Governments are always, and everywhere deaf, till some enormous bell of public opinion shall

awake them. It would be a matter of wonder only how the superintendent himself does not perceive his own wrong, were it not that the Government will not abstain from bestowing rewards or gifts for such services. And the Holy Father Rabbi Moses warns us, saying, "And thou shalt take no gift, for the gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous." "Work is a merit," said the Government to the superintendent. "It is a great merit said the superintendent to the chief." It is a virtue uttered the chief to the "upper." It is our God, buzz and hum, the upper to the under attendants, and all of the clergy of the idol. The hierarchy of the devil fall down, kneeling, and in a state of madness, in the officiation of the hell called work; to blaspheme the commandments of the real God. And the patients become the real martyrs. The Bonzes and the Dervishes get into a rapturous and dull state of Fanatical ecstasy in the contemplation of their own job; of making men job; and all is considered right and well, and it is all right, and all well, all! but not concerning the patients. It is a matter of course, that if economy in a madhouse, where men are half dead, be encouraged; managers will use too much energy, and go too far in the way and means of obtaining it, and it will always become the standard of "Meretricious," and the standard of transgression. Over all, economy is a thing, which, when claimed, can neither be ascertained nor limited; and for this reason, many of the crumbs will not reach the mouth of the Government Treasury; becoming in the meantime, the pestilence of the asylum; and if the Government will once lift their eyes, they will say to the superintendent. "Now and hereafter, we shall not consider economy as a merit. Encourage physical exercise in the way, and for the purpose of preserving health, but not with the object of making money." Break the idol of Bcla, to which was sacrificed humanity and justice. Do away with his priests, habitual fanatics (else it will not do), and seek merits in real virtue, in the real spirit of the good God, and in the air of philanthropy; establishing righteousness, classification in the proper way, and impartial protection of the half dead men. Use pudding to stimulate men to work who

are able for it. For one hundred pounds per annum, you can get twenty-four thousand more Christmas puddings (not such puddings as you give, now), and the puddings will bear the dignity of making job. There needs no sacrifices of the comfort and protection of the non-workers, in the way of making the others work, and as the puddings are clever enough, and honest too, not to exalt themselves above their merits, and humble and just enough not to pretend to rewards, there will be real economy.

CHAPTER VI.

SECOND DIARY OF THE SAME MADMAN.

Logic and Psychology of the doctors of Bela. The supplement of alleged symptoms of insanity in the Paradise. The mock examination or Lunatico Enquirendo, and the love of notoriety of the Madman.

I AM happy to-day. The superintendent and the third doctor made me laugh. Yes! laugh in a lunatic asylum, and that is worth something, and I hope that the good humour they have caused, will make to-day's portion of the diary the most amusing chapter for my readers (if I should have readers). How far the doctors were to be trusted in the matter of psychology, is made plain to the reader in another chapter, where we warned him that he should never bet a penny with a psychologist, trying to disprove the hypothesis that a dog can't speak. He will lose the wager. But there, however, we proved also that the obscurity of brain diseases, is as obscure to physicians as to shoemakers, as doctors of medicine have no other means or instruments for the discovery of insanity than their tongues and ears, which the shoemakers possess also. That the knowledge of physicians upon that point is proof, no one who possesses brains will hesitate to acknowledge. But logic is another thing. Logic must be supposed to exist in every brain that is not disturbed, and for mortals, who, notwithstanding that Nature has placed it in every brain, are still a little limping on that point, science has provided lessons for them, in books entitled, "The Book," "Science of Logic, or, Sound Judgment, or the Art of Reflection." I must then, put here some reasons or lessons, as a more definite explanation for those hair-brain structured poor mortals, who are a little lame on that leg, in the hope of enabling them to understand the scene we shall represent, and to weigh our logic. From which scene my dear reader will consider the difference between the logic of all mortals,

and that of the authorities of a madhouse, which is only the disparity between power and justice.

Logic. Jack is a fool! Why? Because he wishes to marry the Queen's daughter. (Being at the same time a workman, not a marquis.)

Unlogic. Jack is a fool! Why? Because he says that Pat is a most cruel man, while the doctor thinks he is not the *most* cruel. Says that there are others more cruel than Pat, still that is illogical, because that Pat is cruel is a fact, and Jack cannot be considered a fool, because he uses the superlative "most," the doctor thinking he is not the most. If the fact of cruelty be proved a man not cruel would not effect such an act against a dog.

ANOTHER LESSON.

Logic. Mr. Pride is a fool, because he has made an invention, which, according to his own opinion, is very important; but which, notwithstanding, he declared to everybody.

Unlogic. Mr. Pride is a fool! Why? Because he has made an important invention, and will not declare his secret to the doctor.

Now, we hope we have afforded means for everybody to judge the scene I will picture here. I would that some other Seneca, or other philosopher, with his breadth of thought and sharpness of perception, could have accompanied me that evening to the audience in the office to witness the scene, and to know what moral he would derive, or what he would discover therein.

SCENE 9999.

IN THE OFFICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

The Superintendent; the Third Doctor (not the Deputy Superintendent); a Patient, whom I shall call Mr. Pride; a Principal, as usual to witness the scene (who was not Seneca).

SUPERINTENDENT (to the Patient). Mr. Pride, you have begged me many times to recommend you for removal to prison. I must

candidly declare to you, I cannot do so now, a week ago, I thought I could, but now I see that I cannot recommend you as fit for leaving the asylum. You are not sensible.

PATIENT. I was perfectly sure that you would not. This is not the first time you say yes to-day, and no to-morrow, deceiving me thus a year. But alas ! I am fully aware of your intention, a man can play tricks with people while they believe in him, but once they have tested him, there is an end to all his tricks. If you were to say to me, that you will keep your word, I should rather hesitate to believe it. I wish, however, to ask you the cause of your change of opinion, because I know persons who never care to keep their words, are always in the habit of inventing causes for their breach of promise, before, or at the moment of making the promise.

SUPERINTENDENT. No, no ! I will give you my reasons, you have addressed a letter to the second doctor about the act of an attendant against you. The act was a trifling one, but in your letter you made out a very important one.

PATIENT. Was it right upon his side to so act against me as no man would act against a dog ?

SUPERINTENDENT. No ! but it was a trifling act.

PATIENT. For you, perhaps ! because you have not suffered from it, generally, it is a matter of opinion and condition. If breaking the arm of a patient, as happened sometime ago, was considered so trifling an act that it did not even call for the dismissal of the attendant who caused it, the act done to me can only be considered as a Lilliputian against a Goliath. It seems, I have thought, as though the superintendent here looks on men and things through a telescope, but from the wide end of the tube, and, therefore, he sees every patient, and the acts committed against him in minature. Indeed, Sir Isaac Newton had ordered men to look through the instrument invented by him, by the eye-glass, but only for the purpose of viewing the heavenly bodies, and not patients in a lunatic asylum. But if I, a patient, dare not use a telescope at all for viewing matters as they are, I see in that viewing trifling vexation and mastering by the attendants to be

the spirit of the asylum. The contempt and want of pity exhibited to patients generally, by the attendants, without respect to previous character, to age, condition of life, and state of mind ; and the same spirit of domineering in the superintendent in regard to classification, and when I myself can collect the lot of outrages showered upon me, during a period of nine months bearing a dislocated arm, my eye nearly beaten out, violently used by attendants and principals ; I, a man who never allowed himself to insult anybody, even by a word, and even such outrages not having extorted from me one bad or unsuitable word, any act of madness, or badness, and if I cannot be allowed to go from this hell upon earth, who can ?

SUPERINTENDENT (seemingly beaten by my arguments, and noticing the second doctor remaining silent, wishes to induce him to speak). Well, Doctor N. N., will also tell you his opinion.

DOCTOR N. N. You say you have made an invention. Why do you not tell the superintendent the details of it ?

PATIENT. If I did so, I should certainly be considered mad. I have not made any invention here, because my brain is not in a fit state for calm thought, considering the sufferings I am undergoing. My invention was made before I had the misfortune to fall into such trouble. Were I not known as an inventor by my own Government, I should not have received a delegate from that Government.

SUPERINTENDENT. Well, I may be mistaken, but my opinion is that you are not fit to go.

My dear reader you will judge the scene, but I must give him some explanation to which I will devote another chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

C'est icy un livre de bonne foy, Lecteur.

“C’EST icy un livre de bonne foy,” says Montaigne, in the preface to a book which is all about himself, and, therefore I place this chapter under the same motto, as it contains my thoughts, and is all about myself. When I returned from that audience, my thoughts were mixed, a mixture of—as the French say—“Faire rire” and indignation. Not angry. No! It was not the first breach of promise. But what was the cause? Was it his changeable nature, or was this intentional trickery, thinking, as many such men do, of breaking their promises, even at the moment of making them, being sure that they will be able to find a reason for it at any time. I answered that the last is the truth of the matter, and not the first. I have seen men whose characters were like the weathercock upon the steeple; which shone with dazzling radiance, as it moved to and fro to the influence of every breath of wind. But such weak persons are mostly too candid and light of promises, while the latter are cunning (or consider themselves to be so very diplomatic), and, on the contrary, are chary of promises, giving them only when compelled to do so by circumstances. I have had the opportunity of classing with men beginning from the most magnificent aristocrats to the most insignificant boors, thousands of which latter were under my command, and the fact there given has proved it always to be an axiom. But why is a man who possesses so much power, compelled to play such tricks? and not allowing his own heart to interfere in the business of his head, that is to say, being guided by calculation founded on self-interest, how can he value the hearts of others which he breaks every day? Yet that man is considered of modern views. Woe to the poor pleasure man (so-called), who is given over to such a person for his pleasure, thought I, upon my bed, and blessed my stars that I was not a

pleasure man. I should wish to know in what other place one could find such a mockery, and phenomenon of injustice, as the delivery of the rights and interests of men into the power of one man, to his full pleasure and control, and to call this "during Her Majesty's pleasure." Her Majesty, who knows nothing of all that is going on with thousands of unhappy individuals, who fill the lunatic asylums in England, where the statistics show us there exist more madmen than in any other country, although it is not situated under the tropics. Why is this? To be sure, if these men were examined as to their sensibility, by the trickery of psychological charlatans, there is no wonder at it, and by the same means half mankind might be put into strait-jackets. What can be expected from a system when the asylum is fully under the control of an autocratic Esculapius, who has too many interests, of various kinds, for keeping men as long as possible? the result must be that thousands of men, fully sensible, will be confined for life, to the ruin of truth, humanity, justice, and even political economy. The English constitution declares that the sovereign must be prevented from doing wrong by a Parliament. But the Parliament does not care to place limits to the power of the superintendent of a lunatic asylum, preventing him from doing wrong, or using more suitable means for doing injustice and harm to society, in the most crying way! The pleasure men are the slaves of the superintendent's plantation! The man can cry only to God! What can a poor pleasure man, who has once had the misfortune to be insane, by which event he has surely distorted, in an idiotic manner, the Demosthenic principle of action, to which another man was the victim? What can he do, in the hands of such a person as the individual autocrat with whom I have to deal? With such an uncontrolled despot, who keeps back correspondence, to cut off the poor man from his relations and acquaintances, to tamper with him, to keep him covered up in the dark from the view of society. Who would cry out, if it were known to them that sensible men are confined for life? Some of the victims must become mad again from grief and despair? The persons who do not get mad again under such

hopeless oppression, must possess too strong a brain, stronger than anybody whose mind was never in question. What brain has given such a system of lunacy? He is worthy of being put into a lunatic asylum for life for his crime.

There is established here a council of supervision, people will say to us! But the duty of it is in no way to examine men upon the question of their sanity. Because the principle existing in our happy land is not to believe a man's sensibility upon anybody's evidence, except doctors of medicine. In this way the council has nothing to say. But the council would be able to do good for the poor man in some other way, if they would believe less in the superintendent. "We have confidence in the superintendent," said a councillor once to the complaint of a patient. "Why?" answered the person in question, "If the superintendent is a person in whom confidence may be placed without enquiry, why was a council of supervision necessary? The Secretary of State can have the same confidence in him as you have."

Can any man doubt a moment of the wishes of the councillors, (who serve without salary,) to do good for the patients? They are, doubtless, gentlemen of the most humane character, but it is known that the honester a man is himself, the easier is he tricked by others, and it seems the superintendent knows how to manage his manners so that they shall never enter a block where a crime was committed only yesterday, though the patients awaited them. How did he master such works of circumvention? Such strategetic movements? We must refer our readers, who wish to study this kind of hocus-pocus, to the shop in Oxford-street, the sign-board of which announces "Lessons in Magic—A Thousand Wonders!" and between the art of finding a canary bird in a pie, and making a watch fly out of the barrel of a pistol, &c., &c., the trick-making of the superintendent may be discovered by him.

The difference, however, between the tricks of Professor Anderson and those of the superintendent is, that the public audience of the former pay their money to be deceived, but the tax-payers of England would not like to pay their money for the

tricks of superintendents, if they should be aware of them, and were it not for the magic art alluded to, many who live in the lunatic asylum would be outside and paying taxes themselves. But what mean the newly invented allegations of insanity, which the two doctors had suggested to me for reporting me mad ! in the sense with which the reader has been made familiar. It means—"you wretched patient, you are not mad, it is true ! I can find no symptoms of disturbance in your mind, neither from your words nor actions, but you make complaints against the spirit and method of the place ; you write diaries, and I will punish you by keeping you here as a madman as long as possible, as a warning example to others. Perhaps I am mistaken in my opinion as to the state of your mind, but that is my conviction !" The superintendent said to me, during the audience, that is to say, ironically hinted that he did not risk a pin by his untruthful acts, being always excused by the fallibility of mankind in general, and of doctors in particular. If other doctors, for instance, were to examine and find you right to-morrow, I could tell them that you got right yesterday evening, and all will be right, you know. Yes ! the superintendent does not like my diaries ;—why ?—when he is sure that the complaints of the patients can harm him less than the barking of a little dog to a bear ? What on earth does it matter whether such a man praise or censure his acts. Who will care a jot what an inmate of a madhouse thinks or writes about his paradise ? He is obscure—he is stupid—he is ignorant—in fine, he is mad ! His book will, perhaps, have but a very small circulation, and will soon be forgotten. There is the question as I have experienced it ; now I answer : so long as the business of the paradise is going on in the present way, the superintendent *does* trouble himself about the utterances of the obscurest, most stupid and ignorant writings in a book, because miserable as I may be, nothing will prevent these back-writings from being as public as the works of Monsieur Lagrange upon cookery ; and some strange people will spend some shillings, weighing between the pleasure of visiting Madame Tussaud's chamber of horrors, and that of reading

the book. The authorities of the paradise will criticise my book, saying that I am a slovenly and tedious penny-a-liner—that irritating digressions deface my writings, that I blunder in my quotations, that I overlook my sentences with long-sounding words and paraphrases, that I write rubbish, and am a worthless fellow any way; but neither sneers, nor snubs, genteel raps on the knuckles, nor savage shovel-fuls of mud, will alter the fact that the place is not a paradise, that it is not a house of comfort, and that men there are suffering under the most despotical power, ever existing even in China, and that the giving such autocratical power to one man is wrong. Never mind. I am a Lilliputian!—A general system of intimidation, corruption, and violence, and impudent trickery; tampering with correspondence of persons supposed to be looking too far into the darkest forebodings; can exist only while it is kept a secret—kept in gloomy darkness, and therefore they are afraid even of the glowing end of a lighted cigar. I feel myself, that my pen is but a cripple, hobbling, painfully over the paper, as I strive to give shape and coherence to the thoughts which stir me. The place in which I am, is worthy the pen of a Shakespeare as well as a Voltaire! I would that some eminent philosophers should observe that establishment, that some celebrated writers would assist me in my undertaking, but they must not be visitors but inmates of the asylum,—madmen! as I am—else they would perceive nothing there, as in the muddiest, or the most characteristic masquerade in the world. But I, myself, am a great lover of notoriety, or celebrity—never mind in what way—as a Robert Pèlle, or some comic actor on the French stage, and that pleasure the superintendent has afforded me fully. My book he will read, somebody will laugh, some sentimental ladies will drop a tear for the miserable sufferers here, and I have done the best I can for my readers.

THE SECOND DIARY OF THE SAME MADMAN.

Year 00,—month 00,—date 00.

The superintendent has opened in the office a letter addressed

to me by my Government, notwithstanding the Government seal was upon it. He had given it for translation to a patient, unlearned in the language; but nevertheless he has made them familiar with the matter, which is a secret, before giving the letter to me. He is not allowed by law to do so. Despotism! When I found it out afterwards, and asked him why he did do so, he answered that there are many patients who imagine that they have made inventions, and he must know all about the matter. Why? I asked him. When the Government answers, it must consider that I am not quite mad. I have received many papers here officially, and what has it to do with you, Sir? "It is my business," he answered. Since the death of his predecessor, it has become clear to me, that he intends to keep me as long as possible. But how is he to manage such a crime as keeping a sensible man in a madhouse? If the man will only communicate with the Government, every one will be astonished at his being kept there. Clearly, then, the first means for securing the crime from judgment must be to cut off communication, (and so he does with all sensible men; letters of nonsense he never refuses to send). The first hint I have received in that way was, when I gave to him a letter to my consul (as I am a foreigner). He says, "if this letter will be the last, I will forward it!" Why? thought I.—What can it matter to him if it be the last or not. Well, but when I received another paper from the consul, and gave him two letters at once, both letters were detained by the superintendent, not saying a word to me, and a letter before, which he had told me he had forwarded, he after a week's time returned it, saying it "cannot go." Clearly he had translated the letter, and finding it to be sensible and somewhat not in accordance with his reports for the space of nearly two years. I say two years, because I can prove it by the correspondence the Government of my country had carried on with me. I gave him a petition in English for the Secretary of State of England. He refused to forward it. I gave him five letters for the council; he said he had forwarded them, but not one resolution was given. I gave him a letter to the commis-

sioners. He refused to send it, and also to return it to me. Why? Despotism upon despotism. There are no laws except lawlessness. Notwithstanding I am dangerously sick and the disease, into which I fell, from the continual oppression, and neglect in the beginning of the sickness, he continued to harrass me and vex me every day, knowing that the greatest vexation with which he can affect me is to detain my correspondence. But this is his anchor of salvation. The Government taking away from him the authority to examine the letters, of the patients, and referring the matter to the chaplain, so that he must not interfere in the affair, would deprive him of the most, and and perhaps the only weapon of his despotism. It is perfectly monstrous that men who are not able to protect themselves, should be given over to the oppression, and virtual defrauding in regard to their miserable existence, means, and the right of being kept here to one man. An uncontrolled, autocratical mandarin, in a free constituted land, where the Queen must be prevented from doing wrong, but the superintendent must not.* The new rules of modern views, now existing, leaves the greater part of the evils existing here untouched; and no one thinks about the most necessary amendmēts. But who shall represent them;—who can know what is going on here. The coffin is richly adorned outside, and the people must perceive the deceased must be a happy man. There exists in England societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. How happy would the patients of Bcla be if those societies would take them under their protection and apply to them even the rules adopted from such transgression as treating a beast cruelly. It does not need another society.

* That patient was wrongly convicted by perjury, and falling into a disease of sleeplessness, was sent to the asylum, but getting better, he had—after being a long time prevented from writing to the councillors—succeeded in proving to them personally, that he was convicted through the perjury of one witness, who, as was afterwards proved, had some years previously stolen a considerable sum of money from his employer, and had decamped to America, and when he returned, after ten years, to England (being an English subject, born in England), declared himself in his fatherland an American. This, and some more proofs, having attracted the attention of the noble councillors, the unfortunate patient was released.

—No! Name the same, because a man who is not able to help himself is not far from the condition of an animal, and it would be sufficient, because that society works good, keeping the law on the side of the donkeys; while some others would, perhaps, take the step of protecting the masters, the authorities of the asylum against the complaints of patients, having confidence blindly in them. Weakness is the fate of mankind.

THIRD DIARY OF THE SAME MADMAN.

The chief obstacle to a patient of Bcla for obtaining any effect of justice is the asylum itself. A man may be perfectly sensible, write the most perfect truth, but by the present rules of the asylum, if the superintendent does not like his position, or letters to the council, or to the commissioners, or even to the Home Secretary, he will not send them; and if he sent them, he writes upon the top, in large letters, in italic prosodo—*not sensible*, which frees the Home Secretary from the trouble of reading it, and the goal of the superintendent is reached. Indeed, can a cabinet minister spare time for reading tales from a madman? and the printed form is always ready. “The Home Secretary has no reasons for complying with your request” is put into motion; which signifies his excellency has no reason to lose time in reading it at all, (which is formally right) adding to that a more lamentable fact, that forwarding or not forwarding private letters, depends entirely upon the superintendent autocratically. He is the ruler, the projector, the lawyer, the judge, the jury, the executioner, and the censor of all and everything. Not sufficiently examining letters from patients.—No. Every letter addressed to them from friend and relation are censured also, and often not given to them. So Bcla becomes a real cemetery from which no one can get information. Men suffer there awfully, and though not mad at all, are kept there for years, brought to despair, and some get insane here. All protestation will stop a “calumantium in deserto,” cruelty, vexation, injury, even destruction of limbs, (I will not take of victuals) all possible evils of vulgarity and des-

potism, are the orders of every day here. Post-mortem examinations are mockeries in such circumstances; even living men are not more capable of resisting false reports of the attendants, and principals against oppression, than the dead, against the mockery of post-mortem examinations. Reading letters addressed to patients is a matter of the greatest outrage to sensible men. Many say, "how bitter it is not to correspond with my family, but I must perfer it to the insult and injury of the authorities reading all my family secrets." No one can say that such actions are much to the credit of the new head of the Bcla, or as to his modern views. That is one case among numerous others which are without precedent, and that alone can bring to a decision which of the superintendents was guilty of "not modern views," which were pleaded for by some persons in Parliament. From the other side it is known that it is impossible to carry out new methods by functionaries of old traditions, together with a proposed change of political and administrative orders, which must always be the consequence of a change in the cabinet, and so it must be in the paradise. The great enemies of despotism, however, are letters, and its greatest friends, close secrets. So now the asylum is becoming China, and the head of it the first mandarin, if not the brother to the moon itself. Nay, we must come to the only anchor of hope for salvation of patients, the visits of the commissioners, but before my discourse upon that Cape of Good Hope, I must put in a declaration about the sorts of men here confined; they are—1st, Pleasuremen; 2nd, Men for pleasure; 3rd, Men of displeasure. The first will make complaints to the commissioners only while he is mad; but having got sensible, he knows very well that his future life is in the hands and at the pleasure, not of the Queen of England, but of the autocratical superintendent. He suffers silently as a slave on the plantations of an old American. The second sort are men who come here for their own pleasure, say roughs, garotters, house-breakers, bad and violent men, to avoid the cat-o'-nine-tails, which was, or would be, applied to them in prison. This sort is the most happy here. The most pleasant men with rascally attendants

and principals. Because, on the one side, knowing themselves, they are very calm under degradation, and, on the other, they do the work of the attendants, and so get under their full protection, enjoying some material privileges on account of the deprivation of others, and other moral privileges, *i.e.*, the freedom of fighting and outraging everybody whom they consider not to be their brothers in trade and profession. Consequently, the sufferings of many others may be ascribed to them. This sort of man is also used as a charger by the attendants or principals when they wish not to have a patient in their block who is sensible and sees too much, and is not calm under insults and injuries. Where there is no motive for shifting him, they charge these roughs to annoy the obnoxious patient, until he himself shall pray to be shifted. But will it be better in any other block? Those most rough and violent men will be kept in any block they please, not in that which is most suitable for them. That sort of man will also, of course, make no complaints to the commissioners. Then comes the third sort of men, whom I will call "men of displeasure!" This class must be divided into two categories. (A.) They who suffer most mentally, are in low spirits, and not able to bring rational complaints, because they do not know even where they are. That sort of man, also, is not able to defend himself in any way, and is the greatest victim of the vulgar attendants. Most of them are not violent when they first come here, but get into a violent and hopeless state, being treated like wild cattle. (B.) The men who are not mad at all, and who possess some self-respect, and are able to reproach the attendants and principals for brutal words, and humbug. All these are the most displeasure-men, but very few among them will venture to make complaints to the commissioners, and those only who have nothing to lose, being in entire despair, and are not very delicate in their reproaches to the superintendent to his face, before the commissioners. A man of education, a man of good society, would not be capable of such an act. But, generally, complaints made to the commissioners will not stop these irregularities, materially or morally—certainly not directly; because there is no disunion

among the superintendent and his sensible but corrupt subordinates, who are able to go out of doors; and, as a matter of course, when Government functionaries do not wish to go on in the right way, they are always obliged to flatter their subordinates, fearing lest they should carry the dust out of doors; and the subordinates, knowing that fact, are keeping their masters in check, going on in their own way, pretending to deceive him, but knowing very well that their master is not duped.

The reports about the character, state of mind, and physical health of the patients from the superintendent are founded mostly on the reports of attendants created by the last, according to their grace or disgrace to their patient, while their favour is always extended to the most vulgar ruffians who serve them, and are calm under degradation. That is the infallible, perpetual policy of the place. So I often put the question to myself, "Am I really in England?" Is it not the fancy of a madman, and I am really in China!

Thus I hope I have proved that the short visits of the commissioners once a year!! is not a radical antidote against the wounds which the patients in Bcla are suffering. On the other side, all complaints will be explained by the superintendent to be the fancies of a madman. Who will witness the complaints? A lunatic is not believed in England, even by the addition of the strongest witnesses, in the shape of broken ribs and bruised, crushed, and cracked livers. Who, then, shall be the other witnesses? Will the attendants call people from outside to witness these acts? Thus even murder is not punishable in an asylum! I myself have witnessed, hundreds of times, patients dragged and pushed, stamped upon the chest and ribs, and even their limbs destroyed; and all this in the presence of a gold-banded principal. But my testimony was of no avail. Yet I hope that no doctor, after reading this memorandum, would acknowledge me to be mad. For example, if a patient should say to the commissioners that he was sick in the stomach, and yet was fed upon bad meat, or bad butter, or other unsuitable food; then the commissioner would be invited to the stores, where they would

find many barrels of good butter, good meat, good stockings, shirts with buttons on, &c., clean dresses, &c. The broken limb or other injury will have been cured in the course of a year. The commissioners not able to trace a crime upon the spot, thus they would find it to be all a fiction, a fantasy.

So the only spring of hope for the patients is easily turned to a winter of long despair; the tide of help to the ebb of loss. The asylum gets a rest, for the pleasure of the attendants, and perhaps of the roughs. But if, as was told by us, we consider the fox participates in the enjoyment of the chase, then we must consider the patients to be quite happy.*

Can it be otherwise when the asylum is made as conventual as a Jesuit priory, as a court of inquisition with closed doors. If there is no free correspondence, the offender is himself the censor of letters and petitions. When the great theatre of public opinion in the researches of which all civilised people are engaged with such keen delight, is inaccessible to the asylum. When the code applied for that place is too minute, and means for obtaining justice are too limited. When the superintendent is himself the executive power, the judge, the jury, the censor, the commandant, and the commissariat? Men are always inclined more or less to selfishness, rather than to truth, and never will a set of functionaries be really honest and just, and guard with integrity the sacred trust given to them, so long as public opinion is avoided, and all actions of the office are made a profound secret. Who shall plead for amendments? The superintendents, who like the Chinese mandarin can't wish to alter the rules which leave a waste field of absolute power in their hands, a pleasure which no man will willingly relinquish. Hence the chief of such a place must soon become a Chinese emperor, a demi-god. Everything around him must participate in the idolatry which is lavished on his person, and hence the power of the other two doctors are annulled, and the corrupted principals become as fully absolute as their chief master, from whom they derive their authority, and the management of Bcla by an autocratic superintendent, and his

* See foot note on page 109.

corrupted principals and attendants can be fully compared to the Chinese Empire, where the brother of the moon and his numerous concubines, and the eunuchs to whose charge they are committed, are altogether reigning in his name to the woe of the half childish, and half oppressed people in the asylum, where, as well as the Chinese people, the inhabitants of it, for the slightest prevarication, are punished as fully sensible men, if not by the strait-jacket, by something not less cruel for a man of feelings.

The lunacy commissioners would be the real salvation of the unfortunate patients only upon the condition which I will declare hereafter in the conclusion of my memorandum. When instead of a doctor for superintendent, there should be a retired colonel for governor. He and two doctors should form a tribune of the full administration of the asylum, resolving matters by a majority. The doctors shall revise victuals every day, all three signing all reports. If they did not agree in any matters, every one can give his reasons to the council for disagreeing. In one word, everything must be done by all three. The dividing the blocks as it is according to modern views now established here, between the third doctor and the deputy is a political trick of the chief so that he shall become more absolute, not having even a moral prevention against despotism, having the other doctors divided and held asunder getting himself more fully autocratical. The idea becomes familiar to me as it gradually shapes itself into a form. The letters of patients to their friends and relations should be examined only to see that they do not contain bad words, by the chaplain, as in a prison, who shall be made responsible in that way only, without the interference of the authorities. Letters from patients to the commissioners shall be allowed also, under the chaplain's censorship once in three months. Such letters, not to be read by the authorities of the asylum; so that a man who is injured may bring his charge while the traces of the crime still exist. A superintendent cannot be himself the defender, censor, and also the judge. Petitions to the Home Secretary should be allowed once in three months, laid before the council also by the chaplain, and if not forwarded, returned to

the petitioner with an explanation of the reason for which it was not forwarded. Generally, the superintendent should not have any influence upon any kind of correspondence of the patients, so that the absolute power of the chief shall be diminished by an equilibrium. One of the commissioners shall visit the place once in three months. Only by such rules as these, will the lunacy commissioners derive real fruit from their labours and visits, which the Government and society expect from them. While by the existing state of things, there visit will be only a form, not a remedy or prevention of abuse of power and condemnation of right in the asylum. Moreover, it would be useful that one of the commissioners shall visit it once in three months, without a fixed date. The result from this would be that they would be able to trace every abuse, bad classification, bad clothes, bad in the extreme, and harmful food for men, and so on. While now, the time being certain they are expected, everything is always prepared in the form of a holiday."

(Continuance of the Scene.)

SUPERINTENDENT (to Chief). What a dangerous man!

CHIEF. We must keep him. We must cut off all his correspondence.

SUPERINTENDENT. Certainly!

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE SCENES IN THE OFFICE.

(A heap of letters crowd the table, the Superintendent comes, sits down, takes one letter.)

SUPERINTENDENT (to Chief warder). Look here, a letter "from the Apostle Paul to the great Angel Gabriel." (Reads a letter.) Nonsense! (Casts it into the box at the fire-place.)

CHIEF. So are they all, Sir.

SUPERINTENDENT (taking another). From the Shah of Afghanistan to the Emperor of China. Well! (Casts it into the box.)

CHIEF. I am sorry for the expense of the paper and ink. I have long reported to you that it would be better to give them no paper at all.

SUPERINTENDENT. Impossible! The rules we must not break. (Taking another letter and reading.) From O'Brien to his brother. Let us see. (Reading aloud.) "I must inform you that I am suffering awfully here. The principal is a pig."* O what bad language! (Casts it into basket.)

CHIEF. So they all are!

SUPERINTENDENT (taking another). From Paul Moss to his brother. (Reads silently, and afterwards turning to the chief officer.) Moss pretends to be sensible, you see. Perhaps it is so in reality; but he is the greatest grumbler in the place.

CHIEF. He must be kept for his bad tongue. He is a dangerous man if he be released.

SUPERINTENDENT. What do you mean? In what way dangerous? Do you think he would commit murder?

CHIEF. No; he is a very quiet man, and sensible enough, but he has a bad tongue, and would babble if he were released.

SUPERINTENDENT. You are right, so he would. (Casts the letter into the basket.)

* See Letter No. 9. Author.

CHIEF. He is reported passionate, and violent, Sir.

SUPERINTENDENT (taking another letter and reading aloud). From Cotton to his sister, "Many letters have I written to the officers of my regiment, but no answer have I received."

CHIEF. Ha! ha! ha! (Both laugh.)

SUPERINTENDENT. I am quite sure you will get no answer now, either. (Casts it into the basket, and takes another letter.)

(SUPERINTENDENT reading aloud). From Burtonson to his father. "I am hurt by the —— attendants, my hand is bound in splints. They report that I have hurt myself, they are all liars, and brutes! The principal is a —— rogue."

CHIEF. I think it will do, Sir! What very rough language.

SUPERINTENDENT. I hope it will do: (throws it into basket; takes another enveloped paper). Here is a petition to the Secretary of State: (reads in silence). The foreigner, Pride's petition.

CHIEF. What does he want?

SUPERINTENDENT. He wishes to go back to prison. Stupid. He has three years to do. He has been right enough in his mind, certainly, nearly two years. I suppose even then it was not mania he suffered, but a temporary attack. He is very proud, and says he is innocent. I nearly believe him after the chaplain having read his lawsuit, and got a letter about him from his friend another chaplain, and that has stricken his ambition temporarily; but I will never help him or send him back till he has finished the time of his sentence, and even then we will see. He is a very dangerous person, in the way of writing about the place. He is very intelligent, well educated, and has a devil of a talent. Look here, when he came here, he did not understand a word of the English language, now he writes plays, and political articles in that language; a very little correction in the grammar by a lettered Englishmen will be sufficient to make them only too interesting. It is said that his diary is of a most sarcastic, and satirical nature and ideas full of philosophy and humour, but what is amusing to the cat is death to the mouse. He writes

nearly all the day. Some passages were taken from him when he was absent, and I must confess he is able to kick up a row, and cause a scandal for the public if he should print his memoirs. We must keep him. Public opinion, so called, is the opinion of the crowd, foolish people glad to abuse everything in our administration if they got any materials; but nevertheless we should be lost, and the system broken if the secret affairs of the place were made public—if free correspondence were allowed. All the papers will begin to blame and criticise every one of our acts; and it will be impossible to keep in office here. This office of ours is the most slippery frozen lake in the world; and slides, the newspapers would often send us as a present!

CHIEF. You can keep him, Sir, as long as you like. The principal does not like him; and in his book he has reported that Pride sings in the night.

SUPERINTENDENT. Did he sing?

CHIEF. I do not know; but who can prove that the statement is incorrect. I hope the Secretary of State will not come to sleep in the next room to him. (Both laugh.)

SUPERINTENDENT. Well, let it be so.

CHIEF. It will be so.

SUPERINTENDENT. (Taking another letter, and reading silently.) What a villian!—will you believe that this is a letter from Burtonson to the councillors?

CHIEF. Ah! about his broken hand, I suppose! Pity, both were not broken, so that he would not be able to write.

SUPERINTENDENT. But you will wonder to hear that he does not write a word about himself: listen to what he writes.—“On Monday last, a patient named Swindle was walking in the courtyard, the poor man is afflicted with hernia, of a weight not less than that of his whole body, so that he can hardly move. His sufferings are awful, and would break the heart of a Greek brigand, but it did not touch the heart of the principal. A patient in No. 2 Block gave him a comfit. The principal noticed it, and coming to him, asked him what he had taken from D. P. ‘You know,’ said he, ‘you must not take anything, it is against the

rules.' 'I don't care for your rules,' answered the patient. 'Give me what you have got,' said the principal, in a threatening manner, 'or I will punish you.' The ruptured man considering it ridiculous that a sufferer like him should be threatened with punishment, answered him scornfully. 'You will see,' answered the principal. When the patient came back to the block, he was taken to his room, and stripped naked, under the pretext of searching in his clothes for the gift he had received. This could have been done without stripping him, or he could have been taken to a warm room, and not to the cold sleeping room, where it is so cold in winter, that even a healthy man feels cold under four blankets; but this was not enough, he took his clothes from him, and locked him up for a quarter of an hour, mocking the poor man, who began to groan and moan; and I came, upon that occasion to the door while the principal was bringing his clothes, saying, 'I told you I would punish you.' It is now the third day the poor man has been in bed, he has caught cold, and suffers awfully. If your right honourable council would visit the block to-day, you would find out this brutal treatment; but after sometime, the man himself will not tell you anything, fearing new punishment. They will not punish him directly, for his complaints, but will find another pretext, as they always do."

CHIEF. What a ruffian.

SUPERINTENDENT. Do you know anything of the matter?

CHIEF. The patient made a complaint to me, but the principal assured me he was naked only half a minute.

SUPERINTENDENT. Did he find anything in his clothes?

CHIEF. No; I asked the person who gave it to him, and he said it was a comfit, and Swindle had perhaps eaten it.

SUPERINTENDENT. But the room was really too cold to strip him in; it would have been better to do it in the infirmary.

CHIEF. It was but for half a minute.

SUPERINTENDENT. The matter is, that that ruffian, Burtonson, speaks not a word in his letter about his own broken hand.

CHIEF. I wonder why not.

SUPERINTENDENT. I do not wonder at it—cunning! A

volume could be filled with the strange delusions entertained by madmen: the remarkable pertinacity and cunning they display in carrying out the whims and fancies of their disordered minds. In their wild freaks, maniacs frequently evince a method in their planning, an adroitness, and calculation that would do credit to the shrewdest sane person. There is an example: Burtonson wishes the councillors to come and see his broken arm in bandages, but as he knows that would not bring them as he is reported as a violent person. He calls their attention to another man known as a great sufferer, and a quiet man. Having the object in view to make them witnesses of his broken arm. How cunning! (throws letters into basket)—cursed cunning! I will write a book about the hypothesis in relation to the marvellous fact in mental disturbances of patients amid their dim sensations; there is not, however, a break in the character of their capacities of vengeance; in that part of human passions there is no difference between a mad and a sensible man. That feeling is fully homogenous in both. There a psychological hypothesis can be implied—as to the truth, that a madman is always discontented when any body rights him; and it is but natural to them to be malicious to those who exhibit hostility to them, and that is the reason for the inclination of madmen to make complaints in the way of revenge. This I will show in my composition is the result of my development, of many years practical observation. This will be favourable to the new theory, that complaints from insane men must not attract any notice as they are founded on fiction, imagination, and delusion. The lunacy commissioners will, perhaps, be justified in recording a protest against my theory, which elevates insanity in the matter of passionate vengeance, making them homogenous with sane men; reducing them to the origin of beasts of prey, in the way of feeling malice, without reasonable grounds. But they will not be able to refute my theory by facts, because not one of the complaints of patients can be traced by them on the spot, and proved to be founded on sound reasons and truth. We must only be cautious in the month of their visits, you know, and they will never be able to overthrow our system.

We must only take care not to be precipitate, rash, and headlong. Too much priggism must not be used.

CHIEF. You can depend upon me, Sir, I was in a good school; my teacher had also written, and published a book on psychology; but notwithstanding we never used exactly butter for the food of psychologically touched patients. Tallow is cheaper, and the doctor was of that opinion, that for disturbed minds tallow is cheaper and more suitable than butter. He discovered by psychology also, that sensible men should be kept all their life time. His psychological tendency was: that a man who was but one step from the scaffold, on the verge of eternity, on the bar of hell, has very little right to pleasure, or comfort, and ought to be glad that he is suffered to live! As to insane convicts, he told me they must be very happy in an asylum, which is far better than public works, even when they are obliged to eat tallow instead of butter, and leather instead of meat. According to psychology, he found that all the wretched folks in the asylum must be content, and have no right to grumble, and that the commissioners in lunacy are a superfluous piece of furniture of the Government, in question, as protection is undeserved by the patient, and in fact it is useless when the superintendent knows his business. That was the real discovery of his erudition. He composed a book of psychology, as you know, which made him known in the scientific world, and gave him the renown of 'prenticeship, and developed to him an extended sphere of promotion. I think your idea of compiling a book of psychology is a very useful one. A doctor, if he wishes to become eminent, must write something. "The easiest tract," said my teacher, (who became an eminent doctor through his book of psychology,) or treatise, is upon psychology. It is founded on hypothesis in relation to mental philosophy, and the theory of the origin of the human mind. The psychology of the disturbed mind is another hypothesis, founded on that hypothesis, and the last hypothesis is the foundation of a more entangled hypothesis implied about the difference or non-difference in kind or degree between the func-

tions of reason in contemplating necessary truth, and those of the most elementary sense of perception. Such psychology interlarded with scraps of Latin, terms unknown to the peculiar readers, will always reach the goal of the compiler, who is eminent as a scientific person, money for the edition, and some influence, not only over the mob, but even in the world of state. One of the mob will say the compiler is a genius, the other example, the learned people will say he is a "termenti genus." The men of state will consider him a person of no mean capacity, and will open for him a pathway to promotion. His book will be a theory. It may be a reasonable theory, it may be a false theory, but any way it is a theory founded on practical knowledge of the past, and our practices will serve to another as another theory in the future. Who knows? whether the psychologist is right or not, in his hypothesis. He does not speak without reasons, or motives, the reasons or motives may be right or they may be wrong, but the object of mental philosophy is obscure, no man can determine upon it by sure testimony. Therefore the theory of any one on that subject cannot be ridiculed, as it cannot be of a transparent or translucent nature.

One philosopher assures us that animals have a language in which they express their limited ideas. Doctor Crupoff writes a book in which is propounded the theory that every transgressor of the law, every offender is a madman, or was mad at the time he committed the crime. His testimonies in favour of that hypothesis are founded upon the fact that the criminal risks too much, often unreasonably and priggishly, so that a sensible man would always be able to perceive the risk as ninety-nine per cent. of failure against one of success. It may be that the animals speak, but who can prove that they do not speak? It may be that the criminal is not mad at the time of committing himself. It may be that he was only a bad mathematician all his life; and we see men who are not able to calculate without their fingers, that twice two are four, yet are not mad, and so on. The best subject for composition, as I have said, is psychology, as it is a matter against which no one can bring positive disproof; and your

theory that a madman is inclined to unfounded and ceaseless vengeance cannot be confuted, unless by other hypothesis; but hypothesis, like suspicion, cannot be accepted as a fact.

The arguments on psychology of any author, or philosopher, can be compared with the following anecdote: "A witty man said to another, a simpleton, 'I know where the centre of the globe is situated!' 'You cannot know that,' answered the simpleton. 'But I do know it exactly,' responded the wit, 'and it is not far from here!' 'Not far?' exclaimed the simpleton, 'I will bet you one hundred pounds against one that you cannot show me the centre of the earth.' 'Well,' said the wit, 'I will bet a hundred against a hundred that I can show it to you.' 'Agreed!' said the simpleton. Thereupon the wit took him under his arm, and passed on a dozen paces from the place where they were staying—he put his finger to the ground, and said, 'Here is the very centre of the globe—I know this! If you can prove I am mistaken, I will pay you the hundred pounds. If you cannot prove it, then you must pay.'" With respect to the hypothesis that animals have a language, I can narrate to you another anecdote: "One sharp fellow said to another, 'Do you see that dog there, chained up to the wall?' 'Yes,' answered his companion. 'Well, then, I can make it speak.' 'Nonsense!' said the other. 'Well;' retorted the sharper, 'will you bet me a hundred pounds on it?' 'A thousand!' the companion replied. 'Agreed;' said the sharper, 'come with me.' The sharper took a stick, and coming to the dog, struck it. The dog began to bark. He struck it again. The dog barked still more. 'Well,' said the sharper, 'please to pay me my thousand pounds.' 'Why,' said the companion, 'did he speak?' 'Did he not?' asked the sharper. 'What did the dog say?' the companion asked, sarcastically. 'He said,' replied the sharper, 'that you had lost the match. Did you not understand that?' 'Ha, ha, ha!' the companion laughed out, 'I could not understand him.' 'To be sure, you did not understand,' said the sharper; 'Do you understand Chinese?' 'No.' 'Turkish?' 'No.' 'Then why do you wonder that you cannot understand the language of dogs. They

have their own language. The dog expressed anger with you, that you made me beat him, on account of our match. If you can prove that it is not true, I will pay you. If not, you must pay. The greatest philosophers have declared that animals have a language for expressing warning, encouragement, joy, love, anger, fear, and so on. Ha, ha, ha. The dog is barking again. Do you hear?' the sharper said. 'He says again that you must pay.'" So are all the psychological arguments. One hypothesis mounts on the back of another, and is whipped by a third hypothesis. If you are not able to prove that it is nonsense, you must pay the price of keeping your tongue from criticising it.

SUPERINTENDENT. (Taking again the petition of Pride.) I will not forward this petition. It is too sensible; and there is evidence that he was sane even two years ago, I am told, and that will not be in accordance with our reports. Listen; I will read it, "A petition to the Home Secretary. From N. Pride, a foreigner in confinement at Bcla." True, I told him I would support his petition; but it was merely to keep him quiet. The petition cannot go.

CHIEF. Certainly, it cannot go.

ANOTHER SCENE IN THE OFFICE ON ANOTHER DAY.

SUPERINTENDENT (to the chief officer holding a letter in his hand.) Look here. The foreigner begins war with me. He is very brave, not to say bold. Hear what he writes to me. Sir, —The pretext you have announced to me for not sending my petition to the Home Secretary is without foundation. The real reason I guess, however; it is that my petition is too sensible, after your reports about me that I am not sensible. I must have the honour, however, to state, that if you wish to apply to me the general method of reporting sensible men mad, for the unjust and inhuman purpose of keeping them as long as possible, you will make a great blunder. My letters I have given to you for the council, which you have told me you have laid before them,

but that they did not wish to read. I prayed you to return them to me, but you refused. My letter to the consul of my country you have refused to forward, such acts are contrary to your duty, and the rules will not afford you much cover if it should at any time be cleared from the mystery which surrounds it. I am compelled to try the last means for protection. The commissioners have told me that a patient can write to them when he pleases. Here then is a sealed letter for the president of the commission in lunacy. I pray you to forward it. I do not wish to conceal the fact that the letter contains complaints against you, but I assure you that every word is true. Your acts against me may be compared to the cruel phenomenon of a man sinking in a river, struggling with death, who catching the side of your boat you strike his hand, endeavouring to prevent him from saving his life. Everyone who should witness such your acts, would not blame the sufferer if he should catch the tail of your coat and drag you with him into the water. Your acting against me is exactly the same. You know that I am dying. My disease is of such a nature that the chances for recovery are about the same as for a cadet to inherit the title and estates of a lord. Not more. You know also that from many circumstances and letters addressed to me which you were examining unlawfully, that I am innocently convicted, but notwithstanding, you endeavour to prevent me from saving my life, that is to say, you prevent me from obtaining right. I am familiar with the fact that you are anxious for my diary and the journals which I am writing about the place. Yes! such a place in the nineteenth century, in a so-called free land, is a remarkable phenomenon, and is an extensive field for an observer, but the only means for getting in my book a white page, is to change the system, *i.e.*, do me and others justice, and I will always tell the truth. The system carried out here is extremely false, and can exist only while the method of secrecy and obscurity shall be observed. Correspondence kept back, and letters to patients examined, but after a dark night must always come sun-rise, and the long night in this place which was never light, by way of compliment to the authorities

of it, will be illuminated by surprise. I have suffered here sufficiently to be pitied, that justice should be done me! You will not support justice! I cannot press you to do otherwise, but why do you not allow me to find justice and pity from others? I have shown you my delicacy by staying silent at the time of the commissioners visits, notwithstanding all my sufferings, moral and physical, in this so-called asylum, a place of repose from the wild beasts with whom I am compelled to live together, from the injuries of the shepherd who is defending the wolves, from your own injustice; I supposed you would make allowance for my patience and modesty, and would do me justice by saving my life, but the disappointment came to me too late. I have gained the bitter experience of discovering that the more quiet, tolerating, and honest a man is here, even the better educated he is, the more hostility he will meet beginning from you to the last attendant. This is all stable enough, but will last only while this strange paradoxical state of things is dominant in this place. I have taken an oath to use all in my power to raise the curtain from this shameful incognito, which has refuge in this place, ensuring the triumph of wrong principle for the maintenance of the most monstrous Asiatic autonomy of its authorities. Where no law exists, except violence; no rules, but the rule of power; no right, but despotism; no humanity, no justice, no repose. Many of the inmates of your dominion were nearly sensible men when they came here, a month of real repose would have been sufficient for the recovery, but falling in this coffin covered with velvet and tissue outside—for show—in that grave planted with flowers, vexed every moment with the inquisitorial power given to the devilish principals and rascally attendants, who are under the protection of you and your chief officer,—the pupil of another tyrannical functionary, who, under the system of secresy, by him created, had succeeded to promotion,—under that hellish dominion all soon go hopelessly mad. It is the tendency of that scholar who is sent to give you assistance in such proceedings. It is his dogma that a man saved from the scaffold, must be content with everything given to him for existence, and every sort of contempt is shown

to him ; and the other class who is spared from penal servitude, to which he was sentenced, must be happy when the grace of the chief and his colleagues is afforded to him, instead of the contemptuous and dog's treatment to which he was exposed. This will be the theme of my book you fear, and keeping me longer will only cause the book to be thicker, because of the new materials I am obtaining every day in this shameful place. Yes ! Shameful for England it indeed is. I have been here more than two years and have only once succeeded in seeing the councillors. However, they come often to the asylum and I have marked clearly, how preventing me from seeing these really honourable gentlemen, is managed.

I have the honour to be your most humble servant,

A. PRIDE.

CHIEF OFFICER. What a dangerous person !

SUPERINTENDENT. This is nothing to the letters he addressed to the council and to the president of the commission in lunacy. I will read you one of the first. Listen :

Sir,—The mental and moral sufferings of the patients here are indescribable. I have been many times stupid enough to write about the violence of the attendants, the robbery some of them commit by despoiling the hopeless patient of even the scanty portion of food allowed to him, in favour of scrubbers and workers, because the first are not able to assert themselves, and the most spiteful treatment is bestowed upon those who are not able to work, and about the cruel treatment of men, their lack of sense and their inability for defence not benefiting them. I wrote to the superintendent, saying that I did not wish to give him details if he did not ask for them ; but if he should do so, I could give him only too many. But I was not favoured with questions, nor with answers to my letters. It was passed by him with silence. That silence was the loudest and clearest answer for me, and I recall an anecdote of the following nature :

Once a man came to his friend and told him that he had marked something very blameworthy in the conduct of his wife,

and wished to inform him about it in a friendly manner, if he would listen to him.

"My dear Sir," retorted his friend, "you are either a fool yourself, or you consider me to be one." "How so?" "Do you not consider that, having lived with my wife so many years, I must have learned her character?" "Well!" said the first, "if you are acquainted with her conduct, why do you not prevent her tricks?" "Because," replied the husband, "I, myself, am not very clean in my own conduct, nor very strong in the performance of my duties." So his friend bit his own tongue, and so have I done too.

But the attendants, and the flunkey principal have become my enemies, and that is a very dangerous thing. Once the doctor asked me why I sang in the night! I was astonished, knowing nothing about the matter. I think, said I, it is not true. Ah! said the doctor (the superintendent), and passed away. I asked my neighbours, on both sides of me, if they had heard any such proceeding in my room. Their answer was in the negative. Why am I so reported? I enquired. Very simple, answered a patient of great experience.—"You are too quiet, too intelligent to be kept here; but the method is to keep every one as long as possible. The superintendent gives a hint to the principal about this. They understand one another; and in the absence of facts, a lie is invented, and that will be sufficient for years. The asylum suffers under three furies—vengeance, terror, and grief. Yes, Sir, the trickery of the asylum authorities is protected here by three furies, the device of which, I understand, will be—"Job," keeping letters, keeping men. To those three monstrous Furies, the authorities stick. Those Furies are their gods, their shields, their protection, their forts. I suffer too much here, and wish to go back to prison—to drink the full cup of grief, innocently under the law;—better than under a despotical dominion. But the superintendent does not wish me to go, and those false reports are created which are the strong foundation of this awful place for men who consider themselves better than cattle, and is at the same time a paradise for habitual criminals, who know

themselves well enough not to mind degradation, and being considered madmen, they know their privilege and use it without compunction, making themselves a home here, thinking only of eating and drinking, and effecting every kind of abominable crime, for which outside or in a prison they would be convicted again; but there they have the law of lunacy on their side, fully protecting them, and securing them from judgment. The authorities know for what things these men are always ready under the circumstances and fear them, and try to keep peace with them, enjoying their domestic services, for the sake of economy, and allowing them to commit every crime they like against God, and man; and the asylum becomes a little better than a moral desert, and an extensive field of robbery for burglars and many of the attendants. I would never have believed that such things could exist in England. That such incompetent administrators, as in that place, could last so many years. Why, in a land where personal Government is denied to the Sovereign, is a functionary invested with the autocratical authority of a Chinese Emperor? It is inconceivable why in a place where men are unable to protect themselves against injustice, they should be placed under such despotic and uncontrolled power, which it would be unjust to place over the barricading herds in Paris, who know how to defend themselves. Why is this? Perhaps the disturbance of my brain does not allow me to consider the justification of this phenomenon. Yes! those who go on adding estate to estate, cannot see how dear are the unfenced oasis of freedom to the poor oafish, or unfortunate creatures, inmates of this asylum. But do they wish to see?—No. Happy Englishmen inhaling with delight the fresh, pure air of liberty; enjoying the delights of nature and freedom—having spring, summer, autumn, and winter dresses, will not see how men who are only guilty of the misfortune of having once had their brains effected, to which all outside their prison are equally liable, or even really suffering from insanity, and convicted men are strictly punished for their offences, and living under a strict discipline, limited enjoyment even of air, bearing during spring, summer, autumn, and winter the same coarse dresses,

and being scantily fed at all times, and frequently with such food as a lady's little dog would refuse to smell. Outraged, vexed, mixed together like a herd of sheep and wolves, with habitual criminals who are ready for every ruffianly act, by no means mad, having never been mad, but only bad, and where the wolves and not the sheep are really protected. Is an Englishman who pays his taxes to be contented, satisfied, that he has done all he has to do by law and humanity, and cares nothing for the method in which his money is spent? Then comes the most artful show of clever functionaries. The camera-obscura machine, and the magic-lantern, through which a private visitor is lead to look and wonder at the richness and extravagance of such charitable institutions; with the glance of a pauper on the funeral procession of the rich—a coffin covered with flowers and gold, wondering how rich the deceased may have been! But this wondering will not make the carcase inside a bit better. Yes! sweet it is to be there under such an administration, under such despotism, under such tricks and falsity, so that I frequently envied the old worn-out, good-for-nothing horse, which as a jaunter treads the sweet turf as though he were a “*fera natura*” and master of himself; in every way more cared for by a good peasant than a patient in the so-called asylum is. Yes, Sir, the public spirit of Englishmen or statesmen must be turned to that marvellous phenomenon—“China in England.”

CHIEF WARDER. Oh! he must be kept all his life; he is a monstrous evildoer; how knavishly the letter is written; evil-minded man he is, to be sure.

SUPERINTENDENT. And rancorous too!

CHIEF WARDER. He told me he was able to forget everything but injustice. When a rough burglar had harrassed him a year, and driven him out of his health, his protest was not attended to, till at last that rough encouraged by such facts, and by the false protection of the principal, endeavoured to poke out his eyes, and then, you, contrary to justice, in spite of the rule, did not shift that rough, but endeavour to make the victim seek repose in another block, which, by the want of classification, would be rendered impossible there, also.

SUPERINTENDENT. In that way he is right enough, but how is real classification possible? The work would stop—would it not?

CHIEF WARDER. Certainly, it would be considerably diminished, if not stopped. That gentlemen protests against keeping sensible burglars here; but who would do the work, if not sensible burglars? To mad burglars it is not convenient to intrust instruments. Sensible men generally must do this.

SUPERINTENDENT. You are right; it is not our fault that the prison doctors are transferring sensible convicts here.

CHIEF. I told him that, when he complained about the outrages he had suffered from that ruffian. But he answered, that the doctor of Milbank was too honest a gentleman, and of great humanity. He says he witnessed how that good-natured doctor treated patients in the infirmary. He says that their own mothers and brothers would not treat them more friendly and more anxiously. He supposes that highly-learned medical gentleman sent, indeed, sometimes, men in whose sanity he firmly believed; but he cannot do otherwise. The proceedings in the probation rooms are too heavy for his good and honest nature, and he considered it more just to send sometimes such impostors, than to keep and torture really unfortunate men by the suspicion of imposture. But here in the asylum the impostors are soon discovered, and the duty of the superintendent here is to send them back, not to Milbank; there they corrupt others by their narratives about the paradise for sinners, and hell for good men, but straight to public works, with the recommendation of imposture. In every way the most just course would be to apply that rule to habitual criminals.

SUPERINTENDENT. The philosophy is good enough; but who would do the work—in the fields, and in the shops, and scrubbing?

CHIEF WARDER. I think that part of the asylum would be considerably spoiled, if not completely lost; and I think the best way is to keep the philosopher here as long as possible.

SUPERINTENDENT. You are right. Why should I introduce new methods here? My predecessor was happy enough in the

old ways. Your teacher, as you say, was still more happy in the same way of proceeding, and even had promotion, and celebrated as an eminent doctor. (Casts the letter into the basket.) There is the place for the writings of lunatic doctrinarians.

ARACHNIDA. These are the documents I present for the consideration of the great meeting for resolving the phenomenon, the problem, or the riddle, if the high assembly, considers it fit to call it a riddle. But this is only a small part that I have given to them. It would be impossible to place the whole in such a small brain as mine. I hope I have done the best I could, the rest remains for the great assembly. I dare only to add, that if the men here must be confined, it does not follow that they should be tormented, that they shall not enjoy freely the open air, and that they shall be eleven hours out of twenty-four deprived of light. When a man loses all the pleasures of this world, the only comfort for him, is consolation from others, pity, truth, and justice. The want of such comfort, makes such a prison a hell on earth.

True, there are prisoners and prisoners. There are some who grow flowers in the windows of their cells, who make themselves comfortable, who invent all manner of ingenious contrivances, whereby to render their narrow chambers pleasant, who eat, and drink, and sleep placidly, indifferent to all the world outside the cruel walls that shut them in. But there are other captives, who sit at their barred windows staring for ever at one patch of distant sky—that lovely sky which covers a free world, and slowly consume themselves with the fire of their own souls. How the addition to their pain of soul is effected by the inhuman treatment of such patients, will be apparent to you when I say that when once they take to their bed they never rise again. A clever patient once, seeing a man of that sort brought to the infirmary, wrote with a pencil on the door the celebrated words of Dante :

“ All ye who enter here, leave hope behind ! ”

Their road leads to the dead-house. While alive, they were monopolised, scandalised, victimised, tantalised ; when dead,

they were anatomised, buried, and forgotten—the same even as kings. But why is the *post-mortem* examination in the presence of a jury? Why is it necessary to trouble the authorities about a dead carcase, for which they did not care when living? Does the law consider it necessary to inform the Government, that the death of such a being was all right? Does the Government need to know that the unfortunate man was not suffocated. If so, I will narrate a little anecdote which will show to the assembly what kind of jurymen are invited to the *post-mortem* examination of patients, in order to satisfy the conscience of the Government and the public:—

“‘Where have you been, Jack?’” said one to a man who had been on the inquest. ‘To the inquest,’ was the answer. ‘What was the verdict?’ ‘Oh, death from natural causes; though I don’t wonder a bit at the man’s dying, for he had a hole in his side large enough for the doctor to put his fist into. Indeed, my own, which is not a small one, would go in easily. But we found that he died from natural causes!’ (All the assembly laugh loudly.)”

ARACHNIDA. I am always more inclined to weep than to laugh. I abhor mere acts of violence, when the doers of the violent deeds, in their own minds, acknowledge no law but lawlessness. True, the gods of Olympus are in the habit of using power, but always tempered and directed by wisdom, rectitude, and truth! But in the dominion where I am living there is nothing of the kind.

(All was hushed as death for awhile in the assembly. It was as if the assembly was paralysed by the effect of the spider’s testimony. After a space of some minutes, Jupiter rose, and all the assembly rose to hear his resolution.)

JUPITER. I cannot understand why these men do not defend themselves? Why are there iron bars upon the windows, like in a common prison? Do the gods know what is going on there, or are they deceived? Is there any control over the place? What is the chief dogma of the place? Is there a god, and priests, and doctors, as the madman hath stated? And what is

the solar system? All this must be clearly inquired into, before I will knock the system down.

ARACHNIDA. I can answer some of questions only; namely, that once a year somebody comes there for the purpose of supervision. What they do I cannot tell. They stop there some hours. They are called commissioners, but the result is always nothing. After they leave, business goes on in the same way.

JUNO. I think, my dear, it would be useful to appoint an extraordinary committee, under the presidency of a clever mortal, a good physician, a man of experience in mortal affairs, in order to inquire into the matter fully. To report, and to declare what you are to do.

JUPITER. Shall I not appoint Neptune, or Vulcan, or Mercury, or some other of the gods, my subjects, for the inquiry?

JUNO. No, my dear. Neptune is a god, and mortals trespassing and praying at the same time, do not believe in God. He will have very little influence with them. Vulcan is too noisy, and always rough in his language in the beginning, but soon becomes very quiet, and that is considered by men a weak character. Mortals do not fear such characters. Mercury is liable to be bribed by mortals. Bacchus is good for nothing. A glass of good brandy-and-water will make every evil a beauty in his eyes, and so on. To inquire into the doings of mortals we need a mortal, a good politician, a man of experience in his business, and honest also.

MINERVA. Juno is right. I think the best man for the purpose would be Machiavelli Nicolo. The pupil of Marcello Adriati, the great politician of the time, who deceived Jacope Appiani, Lord of Piombino, clever man as he was.

JUPITER. I do not think he would be considered clever now-a-days, when there is a Napoleon, a Bismarck, a Gortschakoff. Even the Great Alexander would now-a-days be small, I suppose, when there are breach-loaders, thirty-five ton guns, iron clads, mitrailleuses, and torpedoes, electric telegraphs and Red Communists. Machiavelli's cleverness did not save him in his own times from the prison and torture of Guilino de Medici, a genius,

who knew only how to sleep, and play, and be cruel. The treatise Machiavelli wrote afterwards I do not like either. He lays it down that "Kings are not to trouble about keeping faith with the people, but must understand the heart of deceiving mankind, and that there are two ways of ruling, one by the law, and the other by force. He writes that the former is proper for man, the latter for beasts; but as the former is not always sufficient, it is expedient to resort to the second, and have recourse to the ways of both the lion and the fox. If our men were good this lesson would not serve, but as they are bad, and will not keep faith with you, you must not keep faith with them." Generally, he is a person of absolute views, a man of the fifteenth century. I do not suppose he would be of any use now, to deal with such crafty functionaries as those of this marvellous little world, represented as a riddle. Functionaries who were able to establish China in that island, which pretends to be the most free in the realms of monarchy.

MACHIAVELLI (rising). My Lord, allow me to have a word.

JUPITER. With pleasure! I like to hear the speech of so-called orators who are those that mostly succeed in public assemblies, in so-called free countries. These are poor orators sometimes of a blatant and reckless kind, or men who speak clearly, roundly, and forcibly, because their views are so limited that they cannot appreciate the reasoning on the other side, in this way, the freer the country, the more does blatancy of some kind or other succeed. (I like to hear such eloquence, it is always cheered and mostly by the party to whom the speaker belongs.)

MACHIAVELLI. Often the men who talk publicly of modern views and of humanity, are those who are most antiquated and cruel, and a government cherishing a man of modern views, judging from his words, falls often into the hands of functionaries whom it had endeavoured to avoid.

JUPITER. Most true! But you, Mr. Machiavelli, are sufficiently well known, and therefore I am not likely to fall into your hands, and though I allow you to use your eloquence as much as you like, you must not forget that I am a god, and not a Cabinet Minister.

CHAPTER IX.

THE POWER OF SPEECH, AND OF MODERN VIEWS.

MACHIAVELLI. No man is a hero! There are surely more fools than wise men, more boors than agreeable people, more scoundrels than honest men, in the world. I began by saying that a man in himself is such a poor creature, so full of wants, and fears, and regrets. Each one so inexperienced, and having to gain his experience by suffering. He is born naked in mind as in body, and when clothed, mostly clothed in error. My own experience I gained only after much mental and physical torture. But mankind are so blind in their despotic tendencies, that they have taken my treatises for realities, my combination for the ruling of the people by monarchs, which I have mentioned, for truth, while it was merely a satirical work. Men are so stupid, that they are seldom capable of finding the right road, and if they ever find it, it is from the blow they receive on the right hand or on the left, when deviating into the wrong way; using foresight to increase fear, and not to provide against it. A poet of the modern time, and certainly of modern views, has truly expressed it as follows :—

“ Alas ! we never pause to think
 On the uncertainty of fate,
 But when we stand on ruin’s brink,
 Find that moment, one too late.”

Mankind is always thinking, but yet never at peace in their thoughts, all their affections are mistakes, so that whether they love or hate, or envy, or are devoted, it is mostly to some idea of their fancy, that they make all the fuss about. Finally, men are quarrelsome beings that, as the theologians say, all the foregoing miseries are necessary in order to prevent them from molesting the rest of their species, more even than they do at present. That is to me the saddest of all things that men are such brutes, that they require so to be kept down. Men frequently punish errors

more severely than crimes, misfortune than viciousness, and often the smaller the error the greater punishment, and lastly, all wisdom, if that word can be applied to any other except the great Minerva, especially to the thoughts and words of men, comes too late, so that the highest wisdom almost invariably takes the shape of remorse. Good or bad, high or low, in the course of their life they almost invariably suffer for this. So that if the dogmas of my treatises could have entered my brain twenty years before I wrote them, I should not have been tortured.

Aristides, Themistocles, Marius, in the marches of Minaturnæ; the greatest Emperors, the greatest Popes, the foremost soldiers, from Belisarius to Napoleon, poets like Byron, statesmen like Robert Peel, they all have to undergo desertion like I did myself. The ideas the most full of genius which Napoleon produced, amounting almost to prophecy, were propounded by him at St. Helena, and those which he spoke were doubtless but a thousandth part of that which he thought. Too late! The greater the man is, the more is he inclined to fiction, to build castles in the air, ropes of sand, which the least ill success restores to their nothingness. On the other side, history shows us that success is not only not secured by merit, but that frequently depends to a great extent upon demerit; sensitiveness, refinement, honesty of thought, or purpose, are frequently barriers to success. To succeed, a man must always give himself, and not others, the benefit of the doubt, which is what a Christian or an honest man never does. Yes! I said in my treatise "That it is better to be feared than loved, in order to get on in this world." I have said this concerning sovereigns, but history generally, and the stores the Spider has just laid before us are evidence sufficient to begin with. From the monarch to the last policeman, from the most eminent functionary to the burglars, the rule is the same. I have said also "That a monarch must use power and truth, not law." I have said all this satirising the sovereign, but the sovereigns have taken it for reality, and all their humbugging from that time is called "Machiavellism." It shows only, that eminent

persons must not joke any more than madmen. Both will be understood, or people will pretend to understand them as being in earnest.

Can I preach despotism after so many suffering from it. My Lord Jupiter, has mentioned about modern views. Yes! between views of the old and modern schools there is a difference, but only a superficial one, in matters of form the dogmas of men in power are entirely the same as a sovereign, autocrat, or Republic, or an oligarchy, when the power is in one hand not divided, the man in power uses it always amplified, enlarged, or increased, no matter in what degree it is given to them. Now-a-days, it is only more polished, more "raffiné," more in the way of "user de ruse," as the French say, more artful, not so coarse as it was in our time, but if the dogma is the same it depends only upon the opportunity, and if the opportunity appears, men in power now will use despotism as well as in the old ages. Despotism in itself is a matter of stipulation. It can be practised in contrast to law, it can be shaped in a form of law, conditionally, for example. To authorise a functionary to do what he likes, because he is a person of modern views, a philanthropist, a man of religion and intelligence, as we see is done in that marvellous house of repose which we are called upon to solve, is despotism, not of the superintendent but of the government, who have not the right by law to authorise anybody to act regardless of the limits of law and custom, but that functionary himself is not guilty of despotism, because you only, my Lord Jupiter, know the hearts of men, a cabinet does not, and cannot, and a man talking about modern views of philanthropy, and taking the sacrament every month can be in reality a tyrant of the most antiquated pattern, and a hypocrite. But if there are rules and laws by which a functionary's power is limited, and he breaks them, then he is the transgressor, he is the despot. But on the other hand, if the functionary, although limited by law, is left without strong control by the government, there again it is the despotism of the government, despotism on the part of the functionary is there unavoidable. Who is the guilty party? that is the chief subject

upon which the committee is to be engaged, and if my lord will honour me with the mission I hope I shall satisfy his great wishes on the subject of righteousness and justice, his great principles of mercy and pity, and would have the opportunity to show the modern world, that humbug, and falsehood, and abuse of law and power, were not my combinations. (Cheers from all sides, except the bench of the Three Furies.)

JUPITER. The earnestness, knowledge, merits, industry, perseverance, and the belief in himself, and in his own ideas of the Honourable Machiavelli, a phenomenon which does not appear in the speeches of modern orators, has vanquished me. I am glad to appoint a committee under the presidency of the great Machiavelli, for resolving the puzzle the madman has introduced to our notice, to inquire into the truth of the matter, to analyse the doings of the functionaries, the measure of their guilt, and to declare the best means of preventing abuse for the future.

The following delegates are nominated to form the committee:—1. Sir Nicolo Machiavelli, chairman; 2. His Highness Numa Pompilius, law-giver, procurer; 3. His Highness Adam Smith, economist; 4. His Highness Lycurgis of Sparta, administrator; 5. Mr. Xenophanes, philosopher; 6. Dr. Sacrobosco, mathematician; 7. Prometheus, executor (say police), entitled to a voice or not; Herodotus, secretary; clerks, Thalia and Melpomene.

CHAPTER X.

SPEECH OF MACHIAVELLI IN COMMITTEE.

ON going into a committee, Nicolo Machiavelli rose pursuant to notice, to call the attention of the members to the importance of the mission which had been intrusted to them by the great Jupiter.

My Lords and Gentlemen, we are appointed by the great Jupiter to perform a great mission. We must not forget that we are to give account, not to a Cabinet Minister, not to a Government of mortals, but to the great Jupiter himself.

If the enormous deviation from rule—irregularity, deviation from right, depravity, corruption, atrocious crimes, flagitious villany, and if the general enormity of the despotism is such as the madman has described it in his riddle, called “ridiculous fancies,” and witnessed by the humble spider who was able to see everything, and who has no motive for lying, as mortals have; when men are certainly given to the grasp of despotism, committing crime unpunished, we must earnestly pray great Jupiter to break that place down to the ground, as Sodam and Gomorrha was. We must bring to light the dreadful phenomenon. The irresistible force of the testimony of Arachnida seemed to me to be the truth. We must only have in view the solving of the following questions:—1. Who is the god in that little work of misery—the sun and the solar system, the madman has mentioned. 2. Is it a prison for punishment, for transgressors of the law? If so, why is it made to wear such a splendid outside view? and if not, why is there established iron bars, and prison discipline? 3. What is the dogma,—the idea of such an establishment? 4. Is there any control exercised over the place, and if there is; 5. Why the sufferers do not make complaints to higher authorities. 6. Are the higher heads of the administration able to know what is going on there exactly or not. 7. Whether a large part of the unfortunate people, comprehending individuals of almost

every rank and condition of human beings, are left to languish under sufferings that have no parallel, but in atrocities of slave ships, or maudged like beasts, suffering by privation, contempt, and cruelty of every kind, for years, or frequently for the whole of their wretched existence. 8. And the most important is if the keeping of perfectly sensible men in such a place can be tolerated or considered a matter of modern views ?

The part of the proceedings before us, which exhibit facts like these, would form in themselves a publication of the greatest interest. The committee would be entitled to the gratitude of the country.

The evils connected with the improper treatment of lunatics, has been at different times a source of great complaint, and the management of some has many times before given rise to a very bitter controversy. Pamphlets were written, Mason, the poet, to begin with much zeal. But those who have not almost lived in an asylum, can but faintly realise the temptation, the neglect, oppression and cruelty, which is continually present to those who have once suffered by them. Such an opportunity can appear only now-a-days, because, if the old views were worse in the way of treating assured lunatics, and especially violent lunatics, it was never the ancient views to keep sensible men together with madmen, and under the same discipline, and contempt ; and it is certain also that sensible men, if it had happened, that they had been kidnapped without cause, and kept in such durance vile, by the passion of interest of somebody, it was impossible to detain them for long ; and if there were chains or strait-waistcoats for violent lunatics, it was impossible to apply cruelty and moral strait-jackets to sensible persons. Which of two such different views is the better, we must declare after we have performed our mission.

I must turn, however, to the most important question,—the tradition of the man of psychology, which is given to his people, that a man who was at the threshold of death must be content with the conditions of life imposed upon him, and that convicts released from public works must not complain against anybody

in an asylum, where, in every way he is more comfortably kept than in a prison. The first is entirely false; a man who has had the misfortune to commit a crime during the period of his insanity, is not a criminal at all. He is an unfortunate person, deserving of the greatest degree of pity, and if he is kept in an asylum, deprived of liberty, he must be comforted. Society which keeps him not for his crime, but for their own safety, must pity him while he is insane, and release him when he is sensible. Keeping a sensible man in confinement, and more so with lunatics, is a crime. The motive of the possibility of a relapse is, after a certain time, a metaphor, and the everlasting pretext of the doctor for keeping sensible men in a lunatic asylum. It is known that in other countries when a man who has been mad gets sensible, a relapse happens in one case out of ten, and if the relapse comes not during two years, there is nothing more to fear, and that, however, doctors, self-interested, represent evidence that patients, who after a lapse of ten years sensibility, sometimes had many relapses; but the practice of private individuals having the opportunity to trace such matters, are certainly assuring us that such persons of whom the doctors were making these statements, were never during the ten years fully sensible for two years together. On the other side, is it known that a person becoming sensible,—may be overcome by the fact of finding himself confined in a madhouse without any certain termination to his imprisonment, and this effect in him a relapse; while if the unfortunate man were removed to another place, under the name of a probation asylum, he would never again fall into insanity. But in every way he must be pitied and comforted.

As to convicts who become mad after conviction, there is much to be considered in the question, if they were not mad when they committed the crime? There are many sorts of mania which are not liable to discovery for some time, when the man is "touched" upon one point, but quite sensible upon all others. Kleptomania is often discovered after years, and so on. But even if we should be sure that the man became insane after

committing the crime, if he is really mad, then the sentence must be broken. He is dead, and no kind of punishment can any longer be justified. The punishment is worse than capital, and not only must he be pitied and comforted, as the best means of hastening his cure, but it would be right to deliver him to the care of his relations and friends, if they would accept the charge. But above all, the dogma advanced by the chief warder, as to the teaching of an eminent Esculapius, if such a dogma should be right, it does not give the superintendent the right to deprive both sorts of unhappy men of that comfort, which the Government at the expense of society has afforded to them. Not having in view, certainly, the superintendents and other functionaries, generally, making a profit out of the deprivations of these unhappy men, and less so their being treated with scorn and contempt. Such effects are crimes founded on criminal ideas, with which sinners generally comfort themselves. It is the pellets of the Esculapian "demon," which are offered by him to all genteel transgressors of the law, for the pacification of their conscience.

Lords and Gentlemen! I have declared before you that part of the abuse, because the most dangerous work for mankind is "Ideas of Authorities." What is an authority? An authority is a person who has reached eminence, by way of truth, merits or false merits; promotion is not always open to real and true merit. But, however, a man getting celebrated in some way or other, becomes an authority. That is to say, an individual in whom people believe without analysing his teaching, which is frequently erroneous, or purposely false. But their ideas are like pestilences, most contagious, and often people infected by the false idea are bent to false views, founded on that idea, and therefore see things in a wrong light. For example: If we should enter the asylum with the idea adopted from the eminent Esculapius, that all men there are worthy neither of pity nor comfort—wretched sinners—we should be blinded by such a prepossession, as to produce most crying evil. We should find everything all right; and therefore I have considered it so important to drive away this sophisticated tradition, and to

inspire the committee with the usual feelings of humanity. Before we proceed to visit, that indeed, marvellous place, more marvellous because it is situated in a land which boasts of being the most free on the globe, we have nothing to do with the indignation to which these afflicted ones are subject. We shall see only men—creatures of our own race, and pay regard only to law. To inquire fully into all parts of the evidence we have at hand, and to lay on the table before the assembly a full report about the matter. (Approbation from all sides, except the bench of the three Furies.)

JUPITER. I order the committee to enter that place immediately, and to perform their duty. The eyes of all the deities, and all right-minded mortals, are fixed upon you—the committee. I expect from you the whole truth. In the full assurance that you will show yourselves worth of the confidence placed in you.

ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE DELEGATION. We will! We will!

CHAPTER XI.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

AFTER a good lapse of time, the committee returned, and laid before the assembly a report, with the most startling facts, to prove the statements of Arachnida, and with a full explanation of the riddle the madman had introduced to their notice. The assembly was completely full, awaiting with great interest the result of the committee. Herodotus, the secretary, rose and read the report, as follows :—

“Lords and Gentlemen, before declaring the details of our inquiry, point by point, we announce the statements of the madman and the evidence of the spider to be perfectly true ; but we have found out something more. The name of the establishment itself is wrong. It is called a “Cla;” while they are not all either criminals nor lunatics, and the character of the establishment seems more prison-like than merciful. The method is more that of a house of correction than that of an asylum. The quietest and even the most sensible of the unfortunate men, are not entitled to get even as much fresh air as they like, and when they like. They are treated coarsely, and with contempt. They are oppressed, and outraged by the keepers, who even if they injure a patient, remain without fear of being punished or even dismissed. Never is an enquiry made into a charge brought by a patient against an attendant (so-called, but many of whom are in reality worse than a prison warder), all the year round, except the one month when the commissioners visit is expected, the patients are badly and dirtily dressed. Frequently food, which in every market would be considered unfit for human food, is given to them to eat. The correspondence of patients is fully in the power of the superintendent, to forward, or to put in the waste-paper basket, and thence in the fire. Letters to patients are all opened in the office, and

read to the great vexation of the unhappy persons. At eight o'clock in the evening they are all locked in the dark, till six o'clock the following morning. The being locked up so long in the dark, for men not able to sleep so early, is a grievous misfortune, and affects their brains enormously. The second and third doctors have no voice. The six blocks are divided between the two doctors, so each one does not know what is going on in the other blocks. These being divided, the superintendent having already the power of a Chinese mandarin, is freed even from the moral influence both doctors would have exercised, had they not been divided. It is a new political or stratagetical trick, worthy of a Moltke to divide the enemy and annihilate them asunder. There is no real classification, and quiet and good men are surrendered to outrage, and even hurt bodily by roughs, who "en passant" are not insane, and therefore, the roughs, bold and wicked are keeping the authorities in check. Many persons called pleasure men, being ten and more years sensible are detained, in a hopeless incarceration; and if they do not go mad again from despair, their brains must be only too strong! The commissioners in lunacy are most honest gentlemen, and ready to do their duty in the most just way, but they are deprived of the means, for knowing anything which goes on there, and their visit is but the mockery of a revision! and therefore the method of revision, and the hearing of complaints in the presence of the authorities can only be a ridiculous fancy of revision for the Government, from the one side, or the unhappy man on the other, to expect any profit by it; and taking into consideration that letters from patients and for them can be, and always are detained by the superintendent, and that the time of their visit during the year is nearly certain, as to the month, they cannot trace anything wrong, on the spot; and so all is lost for the patients. To the same fate are exposed even petitions for the Secretary of State. Iron bars were not made at the beginning of the establishment, but were put up afterwards by the authorities, on pretext of the escapes made by two or three housebreakers, who were never mad, and not suitable subjects for the place, if the authorities had not an object to gain in

keeping them there ! even those who wish to go back to prison ! and the object of the iron bars was simply to create a bad impression upon the minds of the patients, and so to oppress them morally, and make them work.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MODERN, AND NOT MODERN VIEWS.

HERODOTUS (continuing). I must state a remarkable fact, which will prove the truth uttered by our right honourable president that frequently the Government, endeavouring to find out persons of modern views, fall into the hands of people whom they wish to avoid. The matter is a curious one. A superintendent, who had managed the place autocratically for several years, died, and a Member of Parliament asked a question of the Home Secretary, if he had the intention to appoint here on the vacancy—a superintendent of modern views. The change had caused it necessary to be distinguished, whether the old or the new superintendent was a man of modern views. But we must turn to the question the Member of Parliament made, and the answer of the Home Secretary. The Home Secretary, a statesman, eminent, of great honesty and merit, was not willing, however, to criticise the management of the late superintendent, who had secured some authority by his previous career as a doctor, but who had been sorely corrupted by the superfluous power entrusted to him in that place. Corruption, to which all men are liable, when they are left without control, as our right honourable politician, Machiavelli, has proved in his speech, before going into committee; and is it now better? that is the question. But to change a man generally, is not the same as to change a rule—a man is not a rule, and thereby he is mortal. When under certain insufficient rules, one functionary is honest without doubt, and does not abuse the rules of even too weak a character—the administration will not be secured from abuse of the power, by himself getting corrupted, or, if not, by another. The chief dogma of the Government must be, not to afford too much power to the individual. Not to relax the rule because the individual is good, but to put every one of the functionaries under the strongest control.

JUPITER (angrily). I cannot bear such a word of abuse!—Such an autocratic king in a free land! I will break it down like Sodom and Gomorrha.

NUMA POMPILIUS. But let us call the superintendent and hear what he will say against all this proof of facts. I find that it is right to hear him.

MACHIAVELLI. Yes, we must hear him, but in every way the means stated by the madman must be applied to that place. It seems perfectly monstrous that men of that kind shall be oppressed, and virtually defrauded in regard to their correspondence. It is clear that the men are not able to help themselves, and the rules, as they now exist, leave the greater part of the evil untouched. That such a system, such power given to one person will always corrupt even the best men. But where are the best men? A clever trickster will always take the advantage to play the game of a best man, and to deceive honest men, who are bent to believe him the more, the less he is really worthy of credit. There is no need that a superintendent should be a doctor, a wounded colonel could be got for half the pay of the superintendent, and would bring profit to the Government, and justice to the place. Two doctors are sufficient there. All reports shall be signed by all three, which shall form a tribunal. The correspondence of patients must be taken completely from under the control of the superintendent or doctors, and given to the chaplain, compelling him not to communicate the contents of letters to the authorities. One man cannot be intrusted to be the police, the judge, the jury, the prosecutor, the goaler, the procurator, and the censor, altogether; at any place in the world. As to work, care must be taken that it shall not become a matter of business, and the means of destroying the health of the patient, who is not able to preserve himself. De Sacrobosco, the mathematician, shall calculate how great is the economy of the authorities. Tobacco shall be given to every one who is in the habit of smoking; as such deprivation alone can make men mad, and generally the system must be altered. The visits of commissioners once a year is a mockery of supervision; it must be

every three months. One of the councillors shall visit the block every week, not only to revise the victuals and dresses, but everything. The Spider as an animal, and all inmates of the Bcla shall be put under the care of the "Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals," which works well in keeping the law on the side of English donkeys. But now it is interesting to know, what the superintendent will say against all we have discovered and proved.

(The Superintendent is called for, and enters the assembly.)

MACHIAVELLI (to Superintendent). Have you heard all that is brought against you, concerning your management of Bcla?

SUPERINTENDENT (not blushing). Yes!

MACHIAVELLI. What have you to say thereto?

SUPERINTENDENT (boldly). Only a few words.

MACHIAVELLI. What are they?

SUPERINTENDENT. The assembly has forgotten the chief and most important fact, which makes it impossible for them to judge the matter, legally!

MACHIAVELLI. A fact?

SUPERINTENDENT. Yes, a fact! There is no witness! You, have left out of view that all you know is the statement of an animal not entitled to be a witness, and a madman. The ridiculous fancies—the lucubration of a madman! That is all.

ARACHNIDA. Yes, lords and gentlemen! so the authorities say, always, when anybody visits the place, such as the council of supervision or the commissioners, and the patients make complaints to them. It is a good theme indeed. "Ridiculous fancies—lucubration of a madman," and all is right!

SUPERINTENDENT. And right it is.

NUMA POMPILIUS. Yes; *Omne ignotium pro magnifico*.

THE END.





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